

LIFE OF  
CLARA B. HARDY



Presented to D. Ward  
by Rev. L. H. Gardner.  
March 5 1905.



ANNE B.

W. H. A.



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CLARA B. HARDY.

LIFE  
OF  
CLARA B. HARDY.  
THE

Account of Her Brief Work in Mexico  
and Final Call "Home,"

ALSO

Extracts From Many of Her Letters, a  
Beautiful Essay, Selected Poems;

AND

CLOSING TRIBUTES

BY

Rev. W. C. Tilden, Mrs. C. D. Morris, Mrs. F. B.  
Gray, Mrs. F. R. Harris, Rev. R. E. Burton,

BY

REV. G. N. GARDNER.

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ILLUSTRATED.

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BINGHAMTON, N. Y.:  
H. D. VAN BRUNT,  
1900.

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REV. G. N. GARDNER.

## *PREFACE.*

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It has been thought by the family and friends, that a higher tribute could not be paid to the memory of "Our Beloved Clara B. Hardy," than to record in book form, her noble sacrificing life and early, but not premature death. In a personal letter to Miss Hardy's parents after her death, Miss Galvan, her successor in Pueblo Mexico, expressed the true sentiment of all who really knew Miss Hardy, when she said, "I loved her so much." We indeed loved her, but God loved her more and has removed her to a higher sphere of life while we remain to pay our loving tribute to the memory of one who has finished her work and entered into the eternal rest which Jesus gives.

Very earnestly is it desired that this "Memorial Volume" may be placed in the hands of our young people who will respond to the call of God and carry forth to consummation, the glorious work that Miss Hardy began.

Miss Hardy will be remembered by what she did, but more especially by what she was. She *did* a grand and noble work, but she *was* faithful and obedient unto death.

Grateful acknowledgement is made to the friends who so kindly supplied important matter for this volume, also for the beautiful and loving tributes by: Rev. W. C. Tilden, Mrs. C. D. Morris, Rev. R. E. Burton, Mrs. F. R. Harris and Mrs. T. B. Gray.

G. N. GARDNER.

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## ANOTHER.

Another blossom has been plucked  
By the Master's gentle hand ;  
Another of our loved ones gone  
To Heaven's glory land.

Another vacant place is made  
In the mission-field today ;  
Another call, and earth scenes fled,  
As she sweetly passed away.

Another link in the golden chain  
Has passed through Heaven's gate :  
Another life in God's great plan  
For others could not wait.

Another smile on the Saviour's face  
To welcome Clara home ;  
Another soul is clothed in white  
Among the ransomed throng.

# CHAPTER I

## CHILDHOOD DAYS.

**B**EAUTIFUL for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north of the city of the Great King. Zion is beautiful because it is the work of the Great King and the city of His choice. Some places are naturally beautiful and some are made beautiful to us as we associate with them the life of some dear one.

Some twelve miles east from Towanda, Pa., Orwell, Bradford County, Pa., lies the old Hardy homestead. It is beautifully situated on a gentle slope facing the south and overlooking a most charming landscape. In the distance a mountain lifts itself against the clear blue sky, while at its base flows a gentle stream through a beautiful valley with its suggestive farm-houses and rolling meadows showing signs of wealth and prosperity.

Such were the surroundings of "our beloved Clara's" birth-place and early childhood home. Vivid to my mind are the memories of those fascinating play grounds, and I sometimes imagine myself a child again, sitting beneath

those towering maples which overshadowed the murmuring brook where many happy hours were spent in childish play. But scenes have changed. We, that were then children, are no longer children, and the all-absorbing character of this volume is no more subject to tearful partings, sad memories and the anxiety of long suspense. She has been translated into the Kingdom of God, to enjoy the beautiful scenes of Heaven and forever dwell beneath the shadow of the "Tree of Life." It is not the present state of the homestead that makes it attractive, but because it was the birth place of "our beloved Clara." Bethlehem's manger is no longer to be found, neither can there be discovered any traces of Calvary's Cross, yet to all who know and love Christ, the memory of them is sacred, because associated with His wonderful, earthly career.

#### ANCESTRY.

Miss Hardy's paternal grand-father, Geo. W. Hardy, was born in Hull, England, in 1805, and sailed for America when but foureeen years of age, settling first at Friendsville, Pa., where he learned the blacksmith's trade. Later Rev. Hezekiah West, a Baptist clergyman, gave him his daughter Eunice in marriage and the happy, young couple settled in Orwell, Pa., on the place known as the Hardy homestead.

On January 3, 1832, their first son appeared in the home, whom they named William H. At the age of twenty-three William H. Hardy was married to Charlotte J. Moore, a daughter of James and Phebie Moore, of East Rush, Pa.

In the bloom of life as they were, William and Charlotte settled on a section of the Hardy homestead in Orwell, Pa., and began tilling the soil. Six years later a change took place in their home. War had been declared, and the young farmer was drafted, and loyal to his country, went forth to the conflict. Pen pictures alone can be found to portray the scenes of that sad day. As company "I" marched away, Charlotte J. Hardy said a sad goodbye to her brave, young husband and a long suspense ensued.

After serving his country well, William H. was welcomed home in weakness, never again to be the stalwart, robust young man that bravely marched away.

#### HOME.

On March 13, 1871, the home was cheered by the appearance of their fourth child, Clara B. Quite enough has been said regarding the external surroundings of Miss Hardy's home, but they cannot take the place of the inner circles of the home. It is true that many hours were spent in the outdoor air, but not away

from that father's and mother's love, nor beyond their parental protection and care.

Although Clara possessed a beautiful face, capable of the deepest expression, there was nothing unusual about her early life. She was of a mild and gentle disposition and always manifested the greatest tenderness among her playmates and in the family, winning, even in her childhood days, the hearts of all her associates.

#### EARLY SCHOOL DAYS.

When six years of age Clara's early school life began, about one mile from her home at the place known as the Woodrough School. She was a bright scholar and always stood well both in class and deportment. It should not be forgotten that her out-of-school hours were spent largely in outdoor play as is the case with country childeen. The writer was one of her school-mates in those early days, when we acquired a great fondness for each other, which in after years developed into Christian fellowship in the work of Christ. Little did she know then of the life that lay before her, which in later years she said she knew was mapped out by her Saviour's hand, and each path pointed out to her by the Holy Spirit.

Among her early playmates was a younger sister, Lela, who had grown into her love and

affection as only a sister can. But when Lela was but six years of age, that dread disease—diphtheria—entered the home and deprived Clara of her beloved sister; Lela going on a few years before the one who laid down her life for Christ in Mexico. Grieved at the death of their youngest daughter, the family began to bestow more affection on Clara, which she received and responded to with the greatest humility.

#### CHANGES.

When Clara was about eleven years of age, radical changes took place at the Hardy home-stead, at which time William removed his family to Herrick, Pa., and four years later to East Rush, Susquehanna County, Pa., the present home.

## CHAPTER II.

### GRADUATED.

After attending the rural schools at her home until the age of fourteen, Miss Hardy entered the public schools of Binghamton, N. Y., where she passed preliminary Regents. At this time she was light hearted and greatly enjoyed the society of her class-mates and acquaintances. Yet unsaved, she was unconscious of the dangers that surrounded her path and the subtle temptations that lay before her; and moved freely in the circles of society, of which she was the merry-making one and often the center of attraction.

### AT MONTROSE.

Life becoming more real to Miss Hardy she now began to feel the responsibility of life, and the necessity of a young lady attaining a position of independence and thus sought opportunity for a higher education. Enthused with the thought, and somewhat weighing the cost, she returned early in the autumn of 1891, to her home at East Rush, Pa., where complete preparation and arrangements were made. At

the beginning of the fall term of 1891, Miss Hardy entered the class at the Montrose High School, of which Prof. James was principal. Three years was the regular course; but an active brain and straightforward purpose carried her to the consummation of her course in two years, she being graduated in the class of '93 with high honors.

#### GRADUATING ESSAY.

##### OPEN SESAME.

There has been handed down to us in the legends of literature the story of Cassim and the cave called Sesame. Who has not heard of the cave called Sesame, and that the only way to open it was to stand at the door and cry, "Open Sesame!" Also of Cassim, who after compelling his brother, Ali Baba, to tell him the secret, entered the cave, but once there, his mind was so absorbed in the immense wealth which was scattered all around that he could not recall the magic word which would re-open the cave and release him from his prison.

He tried, "Open Barley!" There was no response. He tried, "Open Wheat!" and many others but the bolts only seemed more firmly fixed than before, until at last he was obliged to give up in despair and await the coming of the forty thieves, who would soon put an end to the usurper.

May not we be likened to Cassim, shut in the cave of our own, from a successful life, with the bolts of ignorance, superstition, obscurity, discontent and indiscrimination, firmly drawn? But must we, like him, remain in this cave until the dark thief shall come and steal us away?

Can we not find some magic word that will loosen these bolts and let us into the liberty of wisdom, fame, honor and a judgment that shall enable us to know the position we are best qualified to fill?

First, let us try wealth. Surely no lock can resist so potent a key. Every means must now be employed to acquire this powerful remover of obstacles. Conscience must be smothered so that by fair means or otherwise, we may at last gain the prize. Let us now observe the bolts as they fly back and also the door as it opens to release us. But, what means this? The bolts of ignorance, superstition and indiscrimination are just as firmly drawn as ever, while that of discontent rapidly grows larger, and is fastened so firmly even while we gaze, that it seems no key can ever turn the rusted barrier. To be sure obscurity has slowly faded away, but a still stronger bolt of prejudice on account of the wrongs we have done others in order to secure this wealth, has taken its place.

Baffled in this, we are almost in despair, for if wealth will not open the door of success, how

can we ever hope to find a power that may accomplish this. Yet, surely it was not wealth that released Alexander, and helped him with a small army to conquer the world, or wealth that made Lincoln a man whom the whole country loved, and who calmly adjusted the affairs of the nation when everything threatened it with destruction.

It must be genius that has opened the door for these men for certainly unless Nature had designed Alexander for a great, military commander, he could never have been one; neither could Lincoln have been such a statesman if he had not been especially intended for that place. Then let us try "genius," but we must still be wrong, for although at times the bolts seem to be about to open to release a part of our number; just as we prepare to escape, they again close, and make the cave seem more gloomy than ever because of the transient gleam of freedom. And we at last decide that something must be done beside waiting for genius to give us the liberty we covet.

We think again, and seem to see Lincoln, first as an awkward country lad, then as a lawyer, and as he shuts himself up with only a geometry for a companion, that he may make his mind as acute as that of his partner, we are forced to admit that genius was not the key that released him. But can we, like him, gain our freedom only by means of the plodding

industry of perseverance? Yet, something must be done and we apply ourselves to the task. We find that to remove the bolt of ignorance, means days, even nights, of faithful study. Many a time we are tempted to relinquish the task, but this magic wand which we now possess, sustains us until we are rewarded by seeing the bolt grow smaller and at last it disappears, and to our surprise we find that the bolt of superstition was in some mysterious way linked to that of ignorance and they are removed at the same time. Also while we were toiling with ignorance, the other bolts have grown weaker. We next try indiscrimination and under the magic influence of perseverance this also disappears, and as before, another barrier, that of discontent, vanishes, while obscurity is but a shadow that cannot hinder our escape. Now the great iron door which has held us captive so long, swings back on its rusted hinges, and before stepping into liberty for which we have toiled so hard, we pause to exclaim. The door which resisted the influence of wealth and genius has, by the mighty power of perseverance, been opened. The key to the cave has been found—Sesame is open!

#### CONVERSION.

During school days at Montrose Miss Hardy began to see the importance of life and was

brought under deep conviction regarding the future. She remembered her home training under the supervision of Christian parents whose love and care had followed her all the way. As important as her earthly future looked to her, it became dim to her vision as eternity dawned upon her mind and she saw the meaning of it, in bitter remorse or in perfect bliss.

No strange commotion or unusual excitement characterized her conversion. While in her own home, all kneeled in worship around the family altar and after the others had prayed, Clara offered up her heart to God and poured forth the sins of the past and claimed His promises for the future. Then and there God accepted the gift and set her apart for His special service. As they arose from prayer, Clara lifted her eyes and said: "I thought I knew something about the love of God, but now I know I am saved and feel his love in my heart." She returned to her school with new hopes and completed her course with a real object in life.

A graduate of so efficient an institution, and possessing such mental capabilities and sound judgment, overruled by a sweet Christian character, she was apparently ready for the curtain of life to lift that she might step out on the stage of action in whatever line the Master made plain to her.

Soon after her graduation at Montrose, Miss Hardy accepted a school at Williams Pond, near Montrose, where she successfully spent three months teaching, where she learned the joys and sorrows of the country school-mistress. Mention need not be made of the long, dreary days filled with disappointment and the unruly scholars who had the reputation of trying the patience and good nature of several, preceding teachers. However, the three months soon glided by and the school had been well ruled, having been governed by love. Her gentle manner and affectionate, Christian character won the heart of each scholar, and she will ever linger in their memory as a teacher beloved.

## CHAPTER III.

### IN SYRACUSE.

Soon after her school closed, Miss Hardy felt strongly drawn toward Syracuse, N. Y., where she had before visited. Preparations were hastened to completion and she took leave for that busy city; not with the thoughtlessness of a school girl, but with the mind of a Christian, entering upon life's sacred duties; winning her way in the world and honoring the Christ who had saved her from sin.

She reached Syracuse early in autumn and was soon employed by the Singer Sewing Machine Co. as book-keeper, where she continued for several months.

During this time she was brought into contact with the Delaware Street Baptist Church, of which Rev. R. E. Burton was pastor.

Although after her conversion she had united with the East Rush M. E. Church, she did not feel satisfied with her experience, and much less the obeying of her convictions. She early sought opportunity to converse with the pastor and found, although a busy man, that he had time to render the assistance she needed in that time of decision. Her desires were briefly ex-

pressed in these words: "Brother Burton, I am a Baptist and if the church thinks I am a proper subject for baptism, I would like to be baptised." This statement was the simple expression of her heart and made a deep and lasting impression on the hearts of many in the church. Correspondence was had with the pastor of the East Rush Church, who forwarded her certificate of membership and also a warm personal commendation.

On the evening of October 15th, 1893, Miss Hardy attended a Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at the church and later Rev. R. E. Burton led her down into the baptismal pool. As she arose from that watery grave a new hope filled her soul, and her heart was unchangably set on following Christ into the mission field wherever He might call.

#### CALLED OF GOD.

During the early part of this same winter she fully realized her call of God, and responded to it and obeying Him, went "at his bidding."

The writer was in New York at the time and will never forget a most peculiar experience. For some time we had not been in correspondence and neither knew where the other was. One night while sleeping soundly a voice seemed to say to me in distinct tones: "I have called Clara Hardy to be a missionary." I awoke immediately and kneeling down in the dark

prayed for her. As soon as her address could be procured, I wrote her a concise, formal letter, which she immediately answered in all the tenderness of Christian love. In it she said: "I do not suppose you believe as I do; but I cannot be anything but a Baptist. Furthermore, God has called me to be a missionary."

Soon after this it was my privilege to visit Syracuse and observe something of the influences of her life in that city.

Miss Hardy knew the city not only in its plan and make up, but she knew the people both in their outward appearance and their inner life. She had solicited aid for the needy and administered it; kneeled at the bedside of the sick and interceded at the throne of grace for the suffering; taught the children in the Sunday school the simple stories of Jesus; led many members of the Christian Endeavor Society into a life of deeper love and more implicit trust, and spoke words of comfort to bereaved friends, pointing them to the Lamb of Calvary, who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows. In her devotions she was a picture of divine love.

During the early part of our conversation we were speaking of her church when she said: "I love my church, and oh, our pastor is just lovely. We will attend prayer meeting tonight and then you can meet him." We attended prayer meeting that evening and as the pastor

came in she said: "There comes Brother Burton; he is such a tender man and he knows everyone of his young people by name." During the testimonies she arose, her face lighted up as though the very glory of God shone through it, and told what Christ had done for her, and added: "He will do the same for you if you will permit Him."

Recently I had the privilege of entering that church again, and as I passed into that prayer room my eyes rested on the very spot where she sat at that memorable prayer meeting—Clara was not there. Passing from the prayer room to the young people's room, the first thing that attracted my attention was a beautiful portrait of her hanging against the wall. The expression of the face seemed to say, "follow Christ."

The evening following that memorable prayer meeting, I was obliged to leave the city at 10:30 p. m. As I was preparing my grip, Miss Hardy put on her coat and said: "I will accompany you to the depot." I told her it was not safe for a little body like her to return from the station at so late an hour, but she said, "my Heavenly Father will take care of me and I will be perfectly safe." Such confidence in God I had never seen before and will never forget the trustful look on that face as the train glided away, and I saw by the city lights that consecrated little body trudging toward home.

## CHAPTER IV.

### CHICAGO LIFE.

The months spent in Syracuse might well be termed the days of calling. She had so deeply felt her call to mission work, but felt her preparations incomplete and consequently sought a place for completed preparation. This would have been easy with means at hand, but the one great difficulty faced the young heroine of faith as she looked forth upon the great harvest field of dying souls. Correspondence was had with the Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society of Chicago, and Miss Hardy was accepted as a student to enter the opening term in the autumn of 1894. Her faith must now be put to the test. She had given *herself* and was ready to enter the training school and the school was ready for her to enter, but the connecting link—the means—was missing. She realized what it meant and in simple faith said: “Father, here is your child and there is the school, but where is the offering?” As she arose from that prayer she had no more money, but she had what was far better, the assurance and unshaken confidence that the means would

be provided, and all her future plans rested on the response to that faith.

#### AT HOME.

Early in June she returned to her parental home at East Rush, Pa., where several days were spent assisting in extra meetings. Her testimonies were glowing ; her prayers earnest and touching, and her personal work effective. The remainder of that summer was spent at home attending to household duties ; relieving her feeble mother in every way possible. Together with this she made all necessary preparations to enter her school in autumn. Her presence was indeed an inspiration to the family and a blessing to the entire community. About the first of September she started for Syracuse where fellowship was renewed and hearts were bound closer together in the bonds of Christian fellowship and love.





## SPEEDING AWAY.

September 3rd, 1894, Miss Hardy bid farewell to her beloved church of Syracuse and started for her school at 2411 Indiana Avenue, Chicago. She reached Chicago on the evening of the fourth, and seemed to understand what it meant to be in the heart of that great, wicked city.

Extracts from her letters will be the best record of her Chicago life, and will show how deeply she entered into her school life, together with her mission work during the school year. Her first letter was written on the evening of September fourth, a few minutes after she reached the school. This, like all the others, from which extracts are taken, was written to the family and shows her bright, cheerful way of expression.

CHICAGO, Sept. 4, 1894.

Dear parents and all :—

Well, here I am safe and well in the great, wicked city of Chicago. I started from Syracuse yesterday morning and arrived here this evening. I have not had time yet to know how things are, but am sure I shall like it very much.

I found the people all well at Syracuse, and of course saw nearly all the people in my church. The welcome and God-speed that I received there assured me that my Syracuse

friends have not forgotten me. Mrs. Smith gave me a lovely pair of kid gloves; Anna Nese, a young lady who lives with her, two handkerchiefs one silk, and Mrs. Tiffany, a book entitled "Daily Bread," and fifty cents to pay for lunch on the train.

I received no letter from Miss Burdette telling me how to get to the depot, but I found a young lady who was going to Indiana Avenue, who showed me the way, so I had no trouble in any way.

I have not seen Miss Burdette yet, but Mrs. Morris, the perceptress, is lovely. She is one of those sweet souls that everybody loves, and she is a mother to everyone. Mrs. Whaley, the matron, is more for business and keeping everything moving, but I am sure I shall like her very much. I was the first student here, but another one—a Swedish girl—has come now. The building is beautiful and in the nicest and healthiest part of the city.

It will be noticed in this letter of September 10th, Miss Hardy makes mention of her class of boys at the mission, which may be followed through her Chicago letters with great interest.

September 10th:— As I have a few minutes before teachers' meeting I will tell you as best I can what I am doing and how I am getting along. I have found everything here very pleasant; a great deal nicer than I had expected. It is indeed a true home here. You

would believe it if you could hear some of the former students tell how much they love it and how glad they are to get back. I have seen but a small portion of the city. The lake is just a few blocks from here and I have seen that twice. I have been to my field, which is "Faith Mission," three times. Thursday afternoon we went out by twos all over the city making house to house calls. We have four missions and I called about "Faith" last Thursday, but may be changed Saturday. We have industrial schools at all of the missions and I have a class of thirteen girls, from ten to fourteen years of age that I must teach to sew, knit etc.

At the Sunday School yesterday they gave me a class of two boys, but it is the biggest class I ever attempted to teach. They are about fourteen years of age and one of them is the worst boy I ever saw. He is Irish and as smart as he can be, but it all runs to mischief. The other one was not quite so bad, but he seems never to have known anything good. I got along with them real well yesterday, and they really seemed interested, and you know that means a great deal.

I have one of the pleasantest rooms in the building. It faces Indiana Avenue and was furnished elegantly by the La Salle Avenue Baptist Church. My room-mate is a Swede and speaks English fairly well, but cannot write it.

September 24th:— Another week has passed away and I will try and tell you in a few words how I find Chicago by this time.

We have so many kinds of work here and crowd every day so full that a week seems like a month. This week I am more than busy. Wednesday morning I have to lead the prayer service, and I am not at all prepared on any lesson yet. Next Wednesday afternoon I have to lead the children's meeting at "Faith Mission" and I haven't even looked at the lesson for that. But worst of all, at our next missionary meeting one week from Saturday, I have to give an address on "Present Difficulties in Japan."

Sunday is such a hard day. We go to Sunday School at 9:30 and attend preaching at 11-12:30. If we go any distance to church we have to hurry just as fast as we can to get home to dinner at 1:00 p. m. At 2:00 I start and walk three miles to the mission, and by the time I have taught, or attempted to teach, two of the worst boys in existence, have attended the teachers' prayer-meeting and hurried home. It is six o'clock—tea time. That is the program every Sunday unless we have something extra as I do next Sunday. Still I enjoy it very much and look forth to Sunday as one of the pleasantest days of the week, together with the days that we teach the Industrial Classes and do field work.

#### A COLORED FAKE.

I must tell you what I saw yesterday. When I came out of the church in the morning something stood across the street that I thought was a statue. It had on a long black robe that reached to the walk, which was held down at the waist by a silver belt. This had some inscription on it but I was not near enough to tell what it was. A close black turban completed the outfit which was rich and elegant in every way.

At last it moved and began talking to the people and I found it was a colored man. He pretends to be the Christ and parades around here all the time teaching his doctrine. They tell me he has quite a few followers; but of course he is insane.

#### FIRST PUBLIC ADDRESS.

October 1st :—Last night I made my first address before the public. I was to talk half an hour to children, but found about thirty children, and the room filled up with grown people. The Lord helped me through, and I didn't get at all confused or embarrassed, and they said I gave them all a good lesson; I can't vouch for that.

I enjoy the field work better every time I go out, but it makes my heart ache sometimes I

tell you. I was out calling last Wednesday and one woman we were talking with asked us if we ever confessed. We told her yes, to our "Great High Priest Jesus Christ." She slammed the door in our faces and she and her husband shouted "Blasphemers" until we could hear it after we were on the street. We sow the seed and leave the harvest to the Lord.

#### MY CLASS OF BOYS.

October 8th:—My two boys in Sunday School are a terrible task on my hands. Sometimes I am very much encouraged with them and think they are really going to do better, then the next week they will be ten times worse than ever. Yesterday I had three and they behaved very nicely, but a week ago I couldn't do anything with them. They got mad because the superintendent moved them, and they made things very interesting for us all. Still I know I have gained their confidence to some extent. They respect me and mind when I speak to them, even if they don't stay minded: and that is more than they would ever do for their teacher before.

#### THE SEWING CLASS.

I have thirty-one girls in the sewing school and they are just a delight to me. They all

try to see which can do the most to make it pleasant for me and I am in hopes I shall be able to do some better work for the Master with them.

#### TEN LITTLE BE'S.

October 23rd :—I know not whether this week's report will be as good as last or not. I have had to put the work on my Industrial lesson. I gave it Saturday and lived through it—and as far as I know the rest did too. The children were very much interested in the lesson, and it means a great deal to interest one hundred and fifty children in a mission so they will sit quiet for half an hour.

I first told them about bees, describing how they work and what they do. Then I told them the "Be's" I wanted to tell them about had different names from these. I had ten different "Be's"—be kind, be sober, be clean, be honest, be courteous, be cheerful, be patient, be faithful, be sweet, be quiet. As I told their names I told them what the different "Be's" would do. My application was, that all the boys and girls there, might have these ten "Be's" for their own if they would just ask Jesus for them. But they must remember that if they had these "Be's" and come to Sewing School with dirty hands or face, little "be clean" would know they didn't want him and he would look just as sorry and would fly away.

One thing that interested the children was that I had the picture on the board, but did not have the "Be's" named, and then I would name them as fast as I told the children about them.

#### A CONVERTED RUSSIAN.

October 29th:—There was a man here last week whose talk I think I enjoyed as much as anything I have ever heard. The man was a Russian named Faoderoff. He was highly educated in the Navy Schools of Russia and spoke fourteen different languages. His training had made him just as hard hearted and cruel as he could possibly be. He said he had waded in German blood to his knees and thought no more of it than he would of so much water. He was a strong infidel and left home because his mother, who was a Quaker, would urge him to lead a better life. He was in St. Petersburg living just as fast a life as a young officer could on a large salary. One day an old lady came to him and asked him to buy a book entitled "The Road to the New Jerusalem." He thought it was a novel and bought it, but when he saw it was a Testament he threw it under the bed. Soon after he received a letter from home telling him that another infidel brother, while out riding with one that was a Christian, began scoffing at religion, as his brother urged him to change his life, and asked

him where he would go if he should die. He laughed and said: "Oh! I would go and get a fire all ready for you when you come." He then lay down in the bottom of the sleigh and in less than five minutes, was dead. This set Mr. Faoderoff to thinking and he became so deeply convicted that he hunted up the Bible he had thrown away and was finally converted. He then began preaching on the streets and was arrested by the priests a number of times, who finally succeeded in getting him sent to Siberia. He preached to the soldiers there and was one day preaching Psalm xci:11-12 when two of the soldiers asked him if he believed God would take care of him in that way. When he said yes, they told him they would try him and see. That night they took him up in the third story and pitched him out of the window. He fell in such a way that it did not hurt him, but just took the heel of his boot. He ran as fast as he could to the train and went to Finland, then to Sweden and then to America. He supposed the soldiers went down to look for him and are looking for him yet.

He married a woman in Chicago and they together went back to Russia, but he was soon arrested and taken to prison with ten extra soldiers to guard him. He concluded the best thing for him was to get out, and after converting one of the soldiers, got him to bring him a uniform. Then with a big nail he tore out the

partition and got into one of the empty cells which was not locked. He then walked out into the hall and slapped some of the soldiers, who were off duty, on the backs to wake them up. They all told him to get out; so he did. He went up to the fourth story where he found a window that was not barred, then slid down a tin water-spout and so got away. He hid in a ship until it started and then made his way to England and finally to Chicago.

During this time his wife was taken care of by friends and is now awaiting his arrival at San Francisco.

#### THE CONVERTED DRUNKARD.

November 12th:—Another week has rolled by, and I will make another attempt to write. I have become interested in Central Mission which is in the heart of the city where it isn't safe to go a step alone after dark; but there is a wonderful work being done there and I can't stay away. I was there a week ago last Wednesday night. Just after the meeting opened a young man came in and sat down just behind me. He was a fine looking fellow except that his face was bloated with drink; but in his figure and general bearing you could see that God had intended him for a noble man. He was nicely dressed, but sat through the first part of the meeting with his head down in his

hands—he couldn't hold it up; and every few minutes he would beg someone to kill him or do something to get him out of his own way. I never saw such an utterly wretched being in my life.

After a time we tried to sing "Have Courage My Boy to Say No," but none of us knew it very well and had almost broken down when all at once it started up as if a whole choir had suddenly been added. I turned around to see where the music came from and found that this young man had raised his head and was singing. Such a wonderful voice I had never heard, and the way he would say, "Have Courage My Boy to Say No," would just break your heart. He sang it through and then his head went down again as before. After the meeting quite a number of us went and talked with him and found he had just pawned a ring for drink and he told us the other one would go before morning. I think God never put such a burden upon my heart for anyone as He did for that young man; and others in the mission felt the same way.

Last Wednesday night I went again and the first thing that met my eyes was that young man, sitting up front with a happy peaceful look on his face. That night he gave in the clearest ringing testimony I have ever heard. After the meeting he told me he had found Christ on Saturday morning, and he was so happy he

could hardly talk. I only wish you could have seen the two pictures just one week apart. The reeling, staggering drunkard, his face the embodiment of misery and despair; and the happy Christian rejoicing in the love of Christ. It showed me clearer than ever before what a wonder Saviour we have.

#### THAT CLASS OF BOYS.

December 24th:—I am so much encouraged with my boys; one of them—the oldest—is converted and he is a different boy. He paid the strictest attention in the class Sunday and even asked questions about the lesson. I could hardly realize that it was Henry.

#### I AM MARRIED.

We met a young Irish woman on our field last Thursday who had just been married, and thought as a great many others seem to think, that that was the end and aim of life. We asked her to read some of our papers, but she said, “no, I am married now and there is no use of my reading any more.” We invited her to the mission, but she said, “I am married and there is no use. I used to go to church and then my fellow would walk home with me, but I have him right at home now and there is no use for me to go any more.” Try in every way we could and just as hard as we could, we could not get her mind from that one point, “at least I am married.”

## CHAPTER V.

THE NEW YEAR 1895.

### SWEETLY SAVED.

February 18th:—Miss Burdette and I went out calling on the field last Thursday and called at one home where we had never been before. We found a very sweet little woman who asked us what we were doing in the city. When she learned that we were from the Training School she said, “just see what good women you are, working for the Lord, and here I never go to church.” She went to the mission with us, and after the services came and said, “if I go home and read and study my Bible will I be good and happy like you are?” After quite a long conversation with her she went with us into a little side room, and before we had time to close the door she clasped her hands, and such a prayer as went up to the throne, such penitence, such earnestness. After we had prayed she arose from her knees and said: “and you are sure God will accept me after I have wandered so far away? O, I am so happy, I am so glad God sent you to me this afternoon.

It is so blessed to know that Jesus has forgiven me and to know I belong to Him."

#### AWFUL SUFFERING.

March 10th:—I called alone, last Thursday, and found in one place a woman with three children and her husband in the insane asylum. She lives in the most wretched little hovel you ever saw as a dwelling for human beings. It is just ready to fall down, and the cracks are larger (?) than the boards. She has a miserable old stove that will not burn when she has anything to burn in it; two chairs without backs and more hole than seat; a pile of filthy rags that answered to the name of "bed", and not rags enough to cover their nakedness.

I know not how many times she repeated, "God help me if we ever see another such a winter." Her spiritual condition was even worse; she was a Catholic and said she had been absent from mass because she had no money, and that was the unpardonable sin; so she never could be saved. Nothing I could say seemed to change her, but I left her a Testament praying that she might be led to Christ.

#### MORE BOYS IN CLASS.

March 18th:—I began the year with two of about the worst specimens of humanity you

could imagine and now I have thirteen. Three weeks ago a very fine young man was added to my class. He is almost nineteen and a perfect gentleman. Last Sunday I noticed he was tonched but didn't say anything to him. But yesterday when we were talking about the lesson, Charley couldn't keep back the tears, so after Sunday school I went to him and said, "Charles, Jesus wants you too." He said, "Yes, Miss Hardy, I know it and I want Him. I have been trying to find him all the week, but I can't. I know I must have faith, but how can I get it?" I talked with him about not trying but trusting Jesus and what He had done, and being willing to follow as Jesus led. Then I told him how strangely I had felt about him. Something told me the moment I saw him that God had some special work for him to do. He said, "Yes, Miss Hardy, I know it, and that is just the trouble. I know that if I am converted I shall have to be a minister, and I cannot give up and be willing. I believe that is just what is keeping me back. Jesus cannot save me until I let Him have my will." He said he would surrender his will although, and try to be willing to follow, today, and leave the future with God. I believe before this he is converted.

#### JUST A LITTLE FUN.

April 1st:—Just for the fun of it I will

write you an "April Fool" letter today. I suppose you are having lots of fun fooling each other. We are having a little. One of the students—Miss Coffay—is a very aristocratic young lady who does everything by rule, and we were determined she should have an April Fool. Miss Smith, our clown, went in the reception parlor behind the door, and I took a card up to Miss Coffay and told her there was a lady down stairs to see her. She made very elaborate preparations and stalked majestically down stairs, only to find Miss Smith nearly killing herself at Miss Coffay's airs. She was completely dumbfounded and I suppose will pay us back before night.

#### THAT OLD BACHELOR.

That old bachelor came over to our prayer meeting last Saturdy night again. Some of the students have neglected their physical culture so it has been made a class-room exercise, and every night we have to go down and practice together. We have a list of motions that take us about twenty minutes. Mr. Chapel decided that he would stay to this also. We twisted our bodies into every imaginable shape and it amused him very much. He was complimenting me on one of my stretching motions, so we got him to try it. The floors are all waxed and are as smooth as glass. After he had

stretched properly and then tried to come down and touch his hands to the floor, his feet flew out, and he not only touched his hands but his nose also. He picked himself up very gracefully and appeared to enjoy the joke.

#### EASTER.

April 14th:---This beautiful Easter morning I am going to write you a letter. It is indeed a beautiful morning and I never realized until now what Easter really meant to us. The thought has come to me so many times this morning: "What if death had the victory and Jesus were now lying in the tomb?" We cannot imagine what it would mean. As I think of the friends who loved Him so dearly when He was upon earth, and how they had seen Him nailed to the cross and then laid in the tomb. They thought all was over; all their hopes in vain; but had we been there with what we know now, on that Resurrection Morning, I think we could have sang from our hearts:

"O, sing the blessed story,  
The Lord of life and glory  
Is risen as He said,  
Is risen from the dead."

#### HOME IN JUNE.

As the school year drew towards its close, Miss Hardy looked forward with expectation to

her vacation at home, but then a thought of sadness would unconsciously creep over her as she would think of the class of boys who had become so dear to her, and whom God had given her an influence over; and the class of girls in the Industrial School, in whose lives she had woven her very life. She could derive comfort from one thought only; that she was leaving them in the care and love of the infinite Father who would watch over their young lives with a tenderness and affection beyond human power and ability.

She arrives home late in June and finds home that dear and sacred spot that it has always been to her, but made dearer to her by the experiences she had in so many sad homes in Chicago.

Like all other anticipated joys the vacation was over before she had time to realize its blessings, and she must again turn her eyes toward the great western city where, to her, sorrow was mingled with joy. Her school-life was sweet indeed, and her whole heart went out to the lost souls of that city, but the suffering she was unable to relieve grieved her deeply and caused many a pang of sorrow.

## CHAPTER VI.

### NEW CLASSES.

September, 1895, finds Miss Hardy again at her much beloved school with a new set of plans and new classes—a complete change. She enters the school with new aspirations and finds a great part of the school work, practical mission work. She takes all the changes as from the Lord, counting them all for her own good, and enters in with her whole heart as seen by her own letters.

### A SAD CHANGE.

September 20th:—Well, I have had to give up my class of boys at Faith Mission, and have taken a class of girls at Bohemia Mission. It has been a pretty hard struggle, but it must be all right someway. I didn't want girls and it doesn't seem as if I could ever get interested in them, but I think that must be just the training I need. The boys feel just as bad as I do about it, but they come here occasionally and perhaps I can help them just as much as though I were teaching them.

## IN CHINA TOWN.

I went to the Chinese Mission and there attempted to teach a real heathen Chinese. He had been here only a short time and could not understand English. I had a book with Chinese characters on one page, and English on the other. I would point to the Chinese word to show him what it meant, then teach him to write it. Poor Nou Tung—he was so anxious to learn, and would work away with the perspiration rolling down his face. Finally he made me understand that he wanted to learn a Bible verse, so I taught him: “Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.” When the lesson was over he got up and repeated it to the school as proudly as could be. Of course the words had no meaning to him, but I only pray they will have some day, and be the means of pointing him to the One who alone can take away sin.

## DISTURBANCES.

October 14th:—We had a dreadful time at the Sewing School Saturday. A crowd of Catholic boys came in and made such a disturbance we had to put them out. Then about twenty of them gathered across the street and threw in rubbish, and did all sorts of meanness they could think of. We stayed out there, two

or three of us at a time, and tried to keep them from doing damage, but they smashed in one panel of the door. We sent twice to the police station, but couldn't get a policeman until the school was nearly out and we had sent the boys all away.

The chief of police has promised us perfect protection, and next Saturday I reckon those big Catholic "cops" over there will have to do their duty.

The following April the students prepared a birthday surprise for Miss Burdette, at which time Miss Hardy composed and read the following poem :—

#### THE INFLUENCE OF A LIFE.

To my mind there comes a story,  
Half forgotten through the years,  
Of the wondrous gem of blessing  
In the land of widows' tears.

All who touched received a blessing  
From this gem of untold cost;  
Some of wealth, and some of pleasure,  
But the precious stone was lost.

Long they searched but could not find it;  
Many years in vain were passed;  
Lives spent searching for a blessing,  
Finding only death at last.

'Tis a legend, half forgotten,  
Of the time so long ago,  
And the picture that it brings us  
Tells of only want and woe.

I would bring a brighter picture  
To your happy hearts tonight,  
Of another gem of blessing  
Found in this, our land of light.

Far more precious is our treasure  
Than the fabled gem of old ;  
Far above the price of jewels,  
Precious gems, or finest gold.

Not of wealth and worldly pleasure  
Does this precious jewel speak,  
But the joys of life eternal  
And the wealth of Heaven so sweet;

Sons of God and heirs of glory,  
One with Him for aye to be ;  
This the message that it brings us—  
This the glory we may see.

Only those who touched the other  
Blessing had, of wealth or fame,  
But the ones who touched our own gem  
All go out to bless again.

From our country's farthest corners,  
And from lands across the sea ;  
They have come to touch our treasure  
That they may a blessing be.

Then they've gone to share their blessing  
With the ones who have it not ;  
Some to lift up their own people,  
Some the neglected and forgot.

In the sunny South, so near us,  
Millions are—a few years free,  
But the chains of sin that bind them,  
Worse than iron fetters be.

Some touched lives have gone among them,  
Bringing words of hope and cheer,  
And the chains that long have bound them  
Through their influence disappear.

Farther South in still worse bondage,  
Mexico to Rome is bound;  
But some touched lives bear the message  
And her freedom soon will sound.

From the West a piteous message  
Told of wrong done in the past,  
But some lives who've touched our jewel  
Went, and light is breaking fast.

North and East, through all our country  
These touched lives can now be found.  
Songs begin to fill the valleys,  
And hills echo back the sound.

Not alone to our own country  
Does this mighty influence go,  
It has reached earth's farthest corners,  
Blessed alike the high and low.

India, who once in darkness  
Sought the fabled gem to find;  
Africa, Assam and China,  
Into these the light has shined.

E'en the islands of the ocean  
Feel the influence of this gem :  
Touched lives tell of life eternal,  
And the joys in store for them.

Only He, who from the Heavens  
Sees, and hears, and knows all things,  
Knows the influence of our treasure,  
Or the blessing that it brings.

Only He can tell the story,  
Which my words have failed to speak,  
Of the lives made bright and happy—  
Sheaves laid at the Master's feet.

Only in the bright hereafter,  
Will the story all be told.  
When we hear the Master's welcome  
In those streets of purest gold.

Then in His own crown, all glorious,  
Will our precious jewel shine,  
Bright in all its wondrous beauty,  
Through the years of endless time.

With birthday greetings from one of the "touched lives." Clara B. Hardy.

April 14, 1896.

#### WHY I AM INTERESTED IN MEXICO.

Address by Miss Hardy at the June meeting of the Chicago Free Mission Union, held in Memorial Baptist Church:—

When the news came to us of the terrible destruction that had been wrought by the cyclone in St. Louis, and of the hundreds that had been hurled to their death in a moment ; one of the pitiful things about it all was that the electric light communications had been broken and the city left in almost total darkness. What more terrible picture could be imagined than a city whose buildings had been picked up by a great hand and then hurled together in a great mass of debris, while hundreds of men, women and children are buried in their ruins, and above it all a great, black darkness. We can see men whose loved ones have been hurled from their side, rush here and there, half crazed with the thought that perhaps those same loved ones are suffering ; men dying for the help they might give, but they grope helplessly in the darkness and cannot find a way to save themselves, much less those who have been parted from them.

Sad as is this picture, I must bring before you a still more terrible one ; not of a portion of two cities left in darkness for some hours by a storm, where a few hundred people are left dead and dying, and their families trying vainly in the dark to save them, but of a whole country where Romanism has cut off all communication with the light of Heaven, where not hundreds but millions of people are groping in densest darkness unable to save either them-

selves or their friends from eternal death ; a land where the name of Jesus, the only name given under Heaven whereby men can be saved, has no sweetness, but is only connected with the thought of anger that must be appeased; of terrible wrath that will hurl them all into the bottomless pit unless turned aside by "Our Lady." A land where all their lives, the masses of the people must work and starve while their hard earned wages go to the priests, where they must do the most horrible penance, and then their only hope of salvation be, that after suffering thousands, perhaps millions of years in pergatorial fires, Mary may give them a pardon if they have been good Catholics.

This is the picture of Mexico today, not exaggerated, for mortal tongue can never tell the half. Instead of Jesus, the son of God, they worship Mary, "Queen of Heaven" and "Mother of God," who to them stands between them and the wrath of God, and to her they pray, that in some way she will wrest their pardon from God ; but for Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, they have no place as their prayers plainly show. For example: "Holy Virgin, Mother of God, thou art our only hope of salvation ; thou art worthy of all honor with the Father and the Holy Spirit ; thou great medium between God and man."

They also worship saints, many in number, who protect them from harm and to whom they

go for temporal blessings. Every day in the year has its patron saint, then November 11th they have "All Saints Day," when they are all worshipped together. Their houses are filled with images of their saints which the better class will tell us they use only as a help to worship the real saint. Among the masses as we see the lights constantly burning before them and see them trample the "Black Saint" under foot, or bury it in the ashes, for he can be propitiated only by disrespect. We know they are worshipped just as truly as any pagan worships his god of wood or stone. Christ, the light of the world is taken away; the Bible, the only medium through which that light can come to us, is also denied them. We know that if we hold a pure white glass between us and the sun, its rays will come to us bright and clear. If our glass is red the rays will be red, but if black they will be entirely obstructed and we be left in darkness. They are taught that God reveals Himself to the priests only, and through them they must receive the truth. And what are the priests? Good pure men who are trying to help the people, but are themselves deluded and mistaken? No! But styling themselves "Christs on earth." They are so corrupt that they are compelled to have two lives; one their private life in which they can commit sin as they please, the other their priestly life in which they are perfectly holy.

Men whose greed for gold is so great that they have invented all of these horrible superstitions and practices that this greed may be satisfied. "Men," Dr. Powell has said, "who will filch the last penny from a diseased and dying beggar; plunder the widow and orphan of their substance as well as their virtue, and cast such a horoscope of horrors around the deathbed of the millionaire, that the poor superstitious wretch is glad to purchase a chance for the safety of his soul in making the church heir of his treasures, while his family is turned on the street homeless and penniless."

If a mother has not \$1.50 with which to have her babe sprinkled before it dies, it goes to a place called Limbo, a deep, dark pit, where it is pictured to suffer so horribly, away from its mother in the cold and darkness.

In Mexico a man cannot be married until he has \$15.00 to pay the priest. The poorer class, and a large majority belong to this class, must work years to save their money, or more often sell themselves for years in order to obtain it.

Time will not permit me to tell of any more of the gross deception forced on these people in the name of religion, but is it not enough to make each of us ask: "What am I doing to lift the great cloud that has settled over this country?"

They are trying, trying, trying,  
But no Saviour know to trust,  
Looking only to the virgin,  
Not to God so wise and just.

They are starving, starving, starving,  
I can hear their piteous moan,  
Asking for the bread of Heaven  
And receiving but a stone.

They are weeping, weeping, weeping,  
O'er the sufferings they must bear,  
Here, and in the world hereafter  
Before glory they can share.

They are dying, dying, dying,  
See their faces cold and white,  
Telling of a life of darkness,  
Ending in eternal night.

Jesus' voice is calling, calling,  
Hush ! it comes to us today,  
Go ! the fields are white to harvest,  
Are we ready to obey ?

Are we taking them the gospel  
Of salvation full and free ;  
Are we giving, praying, working,  
That Mexico for Christ may be ?

#### THE LAST COMMENCEMENT.

A poem given at the commencement of the  
class of '96, entitled :—

#### THE HIDDEN PATH.

We are standing at the gateway,  
In the path of life tonight ;  
Here the future, untried, hopeful ;  
There the past with blessings bought.

All along the way we've trodden,  
Lights are scattered far and near,  
And they shine out o'er the future  
Giving us a vision clear ;

Pointing out to us the dangers  
As our journey we pursue,  
Showing us the path of safety  
To the better land in view.

Twixt us and the land of promise  
Snares are laid and pitfalls found,  
Doubts and fears retard our progress,  
Trials compass us around.

In the distance there are mountains,  
Hills of difficulty they.  
Dark and steep they rise before us,  
Over them we see no way.

Past them all there is a river,  
Wide and deep and cold the stream,  
And beyond the pearly gateways  
Of the heavenly mansion gleams.

There's a promise in our guide-book  
That these mansions we may own,  
But we'll never, never reach them  
If we try to cross alone.

For among the many pathways,  
Which is right, how can we know ?  
Which will lead us o'er the mountains  
Through the deep dark river's flow ?

A safe way has been provided  
Which no human eye can see,  
For our blessed Lord and Leader  
Laid it out for you and me.

Many hours of weary labor,  
Prayers and tears and cruel pain,  
It has cost our glorious Leader  
That this land we all might gain.

Straight and smooth He's made the pathway,  
And so plain that all may find,  
Step by step it opens to us  
If our Leader's voice in mind.

If we follow "At His Bidding"  
We can never make mistake,  
Joyfully and safely onward  
In His path our ways will take.

Straight it goes o'er hill and valley,  
Mountain steep, and pitful dread,  
And the vision but a shadow  
That we saw so far ahead.

"At His Bidding," this the secret  
If we'd find the hidden way  
Which will lead us through the shadow  
To the land of endless day.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CURTAIN LIFTS

A true commencement this was to Miss Hardy. Although very near the close of her life it was really the opening of a new sphere in a beautiful life of sacrifice. In speaking of the future she said, "the curtain seems very tightly drawn but it seems to be opening toward Mexico." Truly the curtain lifted and she stepped out upon the stage of action for her blessed Lord, but in a few brief months the curtain was closed by the Master's hand divine; but we have hope that soon the same hand will unfold the pearly gates and we will look upon the glorified face of "our beloved Clara."

Miss Hardy seldom mentioned her trials but rather gave the world a smile, although her heart were burdened even beyond expression; but in the following letter and poem may be seen a glimpse of the real true, deep sentiments of her heart, and in them no one could fail to see the reality and sacredness of her consecration. The letter was written as she was considering her future work to which the Lord called her in Mexico, and from which He called her home to be with Him forever.

“Of course it means a great deal to leave all of my loved ones, and all of the dear friends I have ever known. But when I gave my life to the Lord it was not a half hearted offering, but to go where and do what He would have me. Then it will only be a few days and we will all meet where there will be no parting, and how much sweeter the meeting will be because of the separation here. When I realize this, and that in only a few days at the most I shall be forever with the Lord, I wonder how the petty trials and afflictions here can trouble me as they do sometimes. But Oh ! how good our Father has been to me the past year. He has let such sweet experience come into my life. Even in trials and disappointments His blessed love and purpose has shone out so clearly, that they really were not trials after all. At the beginning of this school year I prayed that no matter what it might cost me, the old self might be purged out, and I made more and more like Christ. I don't think I realized what I prayed for, but He answered my prayer. Such hard things have come, experiences that seemed to tear soul and body asunder. But for everything that has been taken away, God has filled the place so full of Himself, and I thank Him so much for even the hardest things. A short time and then the curtain of the future is finally drawn. Pray that I may be led entirely by the blessed Spirit, and then wherever I go it will be all right.

## THE POWER OF THE CROSS.

I was living to myself—was dead.  
Self with its hopes was all I had:  
But soon the Lord fulfilled my prayer to know  
The power of His cross—'twas death below.  
I asked contrition and He sent me pain:  
For purity, but anguish came again.  
I asked I might be weak—He broke my heart:  
I asked—I know not what—the better part.  
I asked to know what death was to the world,  
And quickly all my living hopes were spoiled,  
I asked to be like Him—his image bear—  
He placed me in a furnace, sitting there  
Like one refining silver, till he see  
The reflect of His image bright in me.  
I asked that I the daily cross might bear:  
It lacerated me—the wounds I wear.  
I blindly prayed, not knowing how nor what;  
He took me at my word—it mattered not.  
Then I began to shrink from following near,  
And well might prayed him to depart through fear.  
To suffer was not pleasing to the flesh:  
I feared to pray lest suffering come afresh;  
But I had gone too far—on I must go—  
The virtues of His cross had pierc'd me through.  
In me His promises now fulfilled must be  
“I lifted up will draw all men to me.”  
Ah ! I had only heard of love—but now  
I feel it; oh ! I feel it's loving glow.  
He fastened on me such a look of love:  
Withering to self tender all words above;  
Follow I must whatever way betide;  
I love the cross, I shelter in its side  
That riven side from which the glory beamed  
Whence life and healing flow in living streams.  
Only by gazing I become like Him;  
His name shines out through me, He dwells within.  
My calling is to live with Him alone,  
Unlike all others, lacking what they own;  
Content to be by all the world despised,  
Knowing that I by Him am loved and prized.

Content to be like Him and call Him mine,  
In fellowship, ineffable, divine.  
Happy to lose the brighter portion here  
That I might gain the weight of glory there.  
Happy, that when I well might turned away  
His hand was on me—would not let me stray  
Happy to know that He does all in love,  
To bear the cross below, the crown above:  
Happy that not my will but His be done:  
Happy in prospect of the rest at home

#### UNDER APPOINTMENT.

Miss Hardy returned home July 4th, where she spent a few weeks in rest and preparation for the work to which she had been appointed by the Society. Although for that purpose, her rest was short. When it was learned that she was home, she was immediately called upon to address cengregations in that vicinity. A willing worker could not say no, and forth she went. Her first address was given at the East Rush, M. E. Church, July 26th, at which time she related some of her experiences while in Chicago. At the close of the service two silver dollars were pressed in her hand in a hand-shake, by a Christian worker who said: "Miss Hardy, this is for you."

In the afternoon of the same day she gave an address at Retta, Pa. at which time \$50.00 was raised for mission work. She closed the day by giving an interesting address at Rush Center M. E. Church when she showed the need of

consecrated workers, and loyal supporters of the Womans work. On Aug. 2nd she spoke at Rush Baptist Church. This was followed on Aug. 9th. at Fairdale where she spoke of her plans for the fature and gave them something of what she knew of Mexico.

Aug. 16th. She gave an address of great interest at Auburn Baptist Church where a large congregation greeted her and listened with much interest to her living words. At the close of the service an old soldier of the cross came to her and putting his hand on her shoulder said, "God bless you my girl".

#### IN A HAIL STORM.

While in her home she passed through an experience which seemed characteristic of the storm that should follow in her life.

The weather had been beautiful and no thought of a jar in that peaceful home staying. Early in the afternoon of July 13th, clouds began to gether and soon the entire heavens seemed a mass of rumbling blackness. The storm rapidly advanced and soon a terrible tornado swept over the place, causing the uprooting of forests, and the destroying of fruit trees. It was not long however, before the house began to tremble and fear filled every heart but one. With the increasing of the storm hail began to fall, which was fiercely driven by the

wind. At first the hail rapped against the window panes, but soon became too violent for resistance, and before measures could be taken to protect the windows, they began to crash, and for a few moments the house seemed doomed to destruction. While the terrible storm was raging and the hail and rain pouring through the broken windows, Mis Hardy moved calmly about, removing articles that were near the windows, and looking after the interests of the family. A touching sight indeed. In the midst of the fearful storm there was a peaceful, trustful look on her face that could not be described. When the storm had subsided one of the family remarked how dreadful and mentioned their fear of the house being destroyed, when Miss Hardy looked up and smiled through unconscious tears and said "I felt no fear but rather felt like singing through it all." She arose one morning soon after this, with a peculiar radiance about her face, and seemed unconscious of her surroundings. Stepping to the dining room door she said, "I saw Jesus last night. He came and stood in that door, (pointing to the door) and beckoned for me. Oh! His face was so sweet as he smiled on me, that I never want any greater joy than His presence".

Blessed is the Masters promise  
Which to every child is given;  
If we now go forth with weeping  
Our reward is great in heaven.

When we turn our eyes to Jesus,  
Looking through a veil of tears,  
We can see Him in His beauty;  
And he takes away our fears.

Oh, the rainbow of His promise,  
Written with his precious blood,  
Gives such peace and satisfaction.  
To the soul that trusts in God.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A BUSY WORKER.

Miss Hardy's vacation soon came to a close and she entered upon Associational work in Pennsylvania. Prior to this her time had been well occupied, but now she began to feel as never before the meaning of Christ's words when He said, "Follow me".

Just before leaving for her state work she wrote a letter to the "Kings Daughters" of Syracuse, N. Y., extracts of which will now follow. This letter will be followed by her own reports while traveling from point to point in Pennsylvania and speaking in the interests of the Womans Baptist Home Mission Society.

To the King's Daughters:—The deepest joy comes not to those who have received most, but to those who have done and given most. I am wondering if the dear King's Daughters of Syracuse who have given me so much are any happier than I am. Some way I know so little of the joy of giving, I had only my poor self to give, and since I gave that the dear Lord has kept me busy thanking Him for all the grand things He has given me.

August 26th, Miss Hardy left home and entered upon her work. She made her first address at Damascus, and reports as follows:—

The night after the Association at Damascus I stayed at Cohocton which is just across the river, and took the train in the morning for Honesdale. A Mrs. Remsen met me at the depot and took me home with her to rest till Saturday. I did rest, but she didn't, poor woman. She was just as good as she could be, but talk, my! She was wound up for eight days and there was no stopping her day or night. I spoke at Hawley and Honesdale and then took the gravity for Carbondale and reached Philadelphia this evening Aug. 31st. Sept. 4th. I had a very plesant time at Mt. Pleasant Association and reached Pittsburg safely last night.

Sept. 8th. I spoke three times Sunday and had a good time, and especially in the evening. Last evening I had another good time at Mt. Washington Church.

Ebenezer West Va., Sept. 12th: —Sunday I gave an address in a Sunday School, a Y. M. C. A. meeting, and at the Oakland church of Pittsburg in the evening. Gave an address on Monday evening and two on Tuesday. Wednesday, left for Centreville, Crawford Co., Reached there at 1 p.m., gave an address and started for Pittsburg at 7:30 p. m. Reached Pittsburg just in time for breakfast and then

started for an all day meeting at Sharpsburg. Spoke four times there and reached Pittsburg that night. At 7:00 next morning left for Ebenezer and met my friend at Chapsville. We reached Collins at 3 p. m. but had a four mile trip over in the country. How to get there we did not know, but finally found a man unloading lumber who said he would take us if we would wait until he got his car loaded. We took supper with him and then started. O! such a country. Wild does not describe it. After we had traveled what seemed to us hours we saw a light through the trees and the man "reckoned that was our church". We at once struck up, and that right heartily, "Here I'll rise my Ebenezer," but before we had "safely arrived at home," there was one of those terrible plunges and we held our breath until we reached the church.

September 15th:—I am again in Pittsburgh, but my experience would fill a book.

Well, I had to get back to Pittsburgh Monday, and the only way was to take a twenty-three mile wagon ride that night with a farmer who was going through Clayville. Seven miles of the distance was through a valley with steep mountains on each side, and most of the way there was just room for the creek and the road. They had a terrible flood a few days before and the road was entirely washed away, so we went back and forth over that

creek at least fifty times. Now with one wheel upon a rock and the other one in the water, and again with the water up in the wagon box. Think of seven miles of that kind of riding and not one inch of road any of the way. I stayed that night at a wealthy lumber dealers in Clayville, and never before did I know how to appreciate civilization and a good bed.

September 22nd:—I started from Pittsburgh this morning knowing less about how I was to reach my destination than I did when I went to the Panhandle association in West Va. By questioning the conductor I found I could take the ten mile hack from Washington, Pa., and get within three fourths of a mile of the church.

Meadville, Pa., September 29th: -Sunday I went to Clayville and gave four addresses. Last night I had a meeting, and this morning started early for Cambridge. So here I am to get in Cambridge after dark; no one knows I am coming, and the rain is pouring and has been all day, but I always find some way. I speak at this association to-morrow afternoon and then must take a 4 p. m. train for Waverly, N. Y., at 1 a. m. At 6 a. m. must take the Reading road to Hazleton, Pa. I will get there at 1 p. m. and must give an address in the afternoon and one in the evening, and then go on to Philadelphia.

□ Philadelphia, October 9th:—O how busy I have been since your letter came; speaking and traveling night and day. No doubt you think I have gone to Mexico and have been eaten up or something worse by this time. I was to go the first of October, but God seems to have planned otherwise. When I received my list of associations the last one was the Philadelphia, October 6th. I have planned all along to attend that and then go home long enough to pack my trunk, and start for Mexico via. Syracuse.

When I reached Philadelphia October 2nd, I found engagements had been made for me up to November 4th. You don't know how I have dreaded working in the Philadelphia churches, even for a week. When I found I had a whole month of it, it seemed a little too much. I haven't heard from Chicago yet, and they may let me go before that time. I am willing to go or stay if it is only "At His Bidding."

I dreaded my address at the Philadelphia association. There was that immense church packed and more than a hundred D. D.'s, and hundreds of other people—and think of poor little me in the pulpit. But the Lord was there too because He knew I needed him, and think of it; they actually cheered me. My subject was "The Privilege and Joy of Working with Jesus." Will you think I am getting

puffed up if I tell you what I overheard one of Philadelphia's most prominent ministers say? I am not. If God can use a weak sinful girl like me to accomplish anything, to Him be the glory—certainly not to me. He said, "I can't bear those masculine women who get up and wave their hands and shout, but I do love to hear a modest, sweet woman speak—well, just as Miss Hardy did this afternoon.

I will give a big sigh of relief when my last address is given here; yes, in many ways the work has been delightful. It has been a wonderful privilege to meet so many of the grand Baptists of Pennsylvania. Here is a little poem I gave at the close of my address:

Angels long to bear the message,  
Of God's grace so full and free,  
But the precious loving Saviour,  
Trusted it with you and me,  
For He said they are my children,  
'Twas for them He bled and died;  
They shall bear the glorious tidings,  
Of a Saviour crucified.  
Then he gave us homes of plenty,  
And His word to guide our way,  
That we help Him lead the lost ones,  
Out of darkness into day.  
Oh! the wondrous joy of working  
Hand in hand with Jesus here;  
There's no longer toil or burden,  
Sacrifice, or want or fear.  
And the "Well Done" of our Master,  
When with that all Heaven shall ring,  
We shall know the joy of working,  
With our Saviour, Lord and King.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE NEW FIELD.

Prior to her trip to Mexico a reception was given Miss Hardy at her home at East Rush. A large company of friends were present, who gave her many presents. One present worthy of note was a beautiful pillow which was presented by her brother, F. J. Hardy and wife.

A few days previous to her death, her field-mate, Miss Esther Galvan, said, "Miss Hardy will you give me your pillow when you die?" She, unconsciously said yes; neither of them having a thought that the end was so near. It has not yet been learned whether this was the last pillow on which her head lay, nor whether Miss Galvan has it now, but its history is dear to both Miss Galvan and the brother and sister who gave it.

### THE HOME FAREWELL.

A touching address was given by Miss Hardy at East Rush, November 1st. The address was apparently under inspiration and left a lasting impression on the entire congregation. It was her last public utterance in Pennsylvania,

and indeed a parting benediction and blessing to the people of East Rush and vicinity.

On November 3rd the family gathered round the familiar hearth almost in silence; neither can their thoughts be expressed. The evening however did not close in silence. Clara quietly moved to the table and taking the old family Bible from its resting place, handed it to her brother, F. J. Hardy, who read from its sacred page. Then quietly all kneeled while Fred feelingly talked with the Father in heaven. The hearts of the others were too full for utterance and they silently retired.

#### EARLY IMPRESSIONS

In her last address at Rush, Miss Hardy referred to her first impressions of mission work, which dated back to the age of twelve. At that early age she in company with her parents attended a missionary meeting at Herrick, Pa., where she heard a Miss Phila Brink, a returned missionary from India, who appeared in native costume and spoke of her work in India.

No one ever heard Miss Hardy speak of this meeting and the impressions received then, until her last address at East Rush, when she said she had longed to be a missionary from that early date.

## A DESCRIPTIVE JOURNEY.

Farewell services were held in the Delaware Street Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., the evening of November 5th. On November 6th, she bade farewell to many loving friends and turned her face towards the field of her love and sacrifice. In the tribute prepared by the committee from her church the following appears: "Nov. 6th, 1896 from a church of loving friends she left us for Pueblo and for heaven."

Miss Hardy reached Chicago the 8th, of November and from there she writes:—I start to-morrow at 11 a. m. and reach St. Louis where Miss Watts joins me, at 7:12 p. m. and then go on to Loredo Texas, reaching there at 4:02, Wednesday evening. A train leaves for Mexico City at 4:10, giving us only five minutes for tickets. She will leave me at Monteray, and Miss Galvan will join me there unless she has gone on to Pueblo. I hope she has not, it will be so nice to have her with me.

We will reach Mexico City Friday at 9.55 a. m. if we make connections at Loredo. We stop in Mexico City over Sunday and go on to Pueblo Monday or Tuesday.

Chicago, Nov. 9th:— At last I am on my way south and soon must bid farewell to the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

I had said good bye to a number of the girls at "2411", and thought it was about over, but when I came down stairs there they were, all gathered in the reception hall—all to be kissed and good-bye'd. They gave me an envelope containing a note from each one, to be read by Miss Watts and myself as we cross the line. As I went out they sang that beautiful Hymn:—

"Speed away, speed away  
On your mission of light  
To the lands that are lying  
In darkness and night."

At St. Louis all right: Miss Watts is here: we start for Laredo, Texas, in half an hour.

Little Rock, Ark., Nov. 10th:—We took a sleeper last night in St. Louis and awoke about twenty miles from Little Rock. At least I awoke, but poor Miss Watts was never in a sleeper before and didn't get to sleep once.

You cannot imagine how different everything looks. Some of the trees look all bare and dead like those at home; others just turning while others are so pretty and green. There is much pine, but I do not know what the other trees are.

Here we are in a large cotton field with about twenty negroes in bright dress and white turban, filling their big blue aprons with the snowy material. Surely I am in the "land of de cot-

ton and de cane." Little picaninnies who seem to think a big wide rimmed hat is all they need, hang over the fence watching us pass. Yes, and there is a genuine razor back. Were I a poet or an artist it would fire my genius.

Some of the houses look like dry goods boxes with an opening in one side, and just ready to fall down; but goodbye familiar scenes to be packed into them.

Texas, 1:30 P. M.:—At Texercano, our last stop, we got off the train twenty minutes. I wish I could describe the flowers to you. I just longed to jump over the fence and pick some of them. The cow-boy is here in all his glory on his pony or mule.

One thing I saw makes me feel sad ; that is signs like this on cars and rooms in depots : "for Whites," "for Negroes." Surely 'tis a beautiful land where only man is vile.

Wednesday morning :—Our first greeting this morning was from a whole crowd of colored children who shouted "hello da!" with all their little lungs, as we passed. We are near Antonia now, and it is much warmer than yesterday. The trees are low, and the shrubbery and immense cactus are everywhere ; so are Mexicans. We are getting little first glimpses of the material on which we must work in the future. It is not very promising I can tell you, and you must pray hard that our faith fail not.

The little boys in their big hats, ragged shirts and immense white trousers are cute; and their bright black eyes make me hope it will not be impossible to instill some knowlege into their brown little heads.

To our right there is a whole party camping under the trees: whether it is just a picnic or whether they live there I know not. One man is at a little stream fishing, and I suppose will be there like a statue all day, whether he gets a bite or not.

They are lying on the ground sleeping, all along the track, and how they can do it is more than I can tell, for the ground is literally swarming with immense red ants.

I smile to think how we used to struggle to start cactus. It is dry here, and in places there is little growing except those great thorny plants. Some are as high as a man's head, but usually they are low, one plant covering a place as large as a house. I cannot describe the flowers, I only wish I could stop and pick some.

I think we will have little trouble with our trunks. The porter says we will not.

Our porter and conductor are both Mexicans now. The porter says he will mail this on the north-bound train if I will hurry up, so good-bye untill I write from a new strange land. God be with you all till we meet again.

Mexico, Nov 12th:— Yes I am really in Mexico, well—not very tired, and happy. I wish I could describe the country we are passing through. Wild and desolate are the best terms. We are 4,000 feet above sea level and the climate is delightful. On both sides are mountains which look as if they were about a mile away, but the porter informs me that those on the right are about three hundred and those on the left about fifty miles away. We have been very near some of them and they look like immense heaps of sand, but are really of lime stone formation.

On the plateau around the R. R. there is little vegetation except the cactus, mountain pine and a kind of little green shrub.

Occasionally we come to a little village of from three to twenty huts, and all the people come out to welcome us. At Catarce we stopped twenty minutes for breakfast and I got off to see the sights. There we saw pure unadulterated Mexicans. The men wear sandals with straps fastening them up over their feet. No stockings, long tight pants, and blankets usually red, brought up around their faces, so that in some cases their eyes are almost all you can see. A wide rimmed hat about a foot high coming to a peak, ornamented in all sorts of ways, completes a picturesque outfit. The women wear short skirts, and wrap their re-boso, a kind of shawl, about their head and

shoulders. The children wear what happens to be left over.

Now I must tell you how I got through the custom house. Before we reached Laredo a man came on who is called the passenger assistant. I had letters for Miss Watts, Miss Galvan and myself, to a man in Laredo asking for half fare. He said that man was not home and we would have to lay over a day; but when he looked at Miss Galvan's name he said, "I know her well." Then he added, "I will see what I can do." He soon came in and showed us a book published by the Baptist Publication Society and said, "I am a Baptist." Well, the way that man helped us was wonderful. They gave him the tickets all right. He winked at the inspector and he simply looked in one of the trunks, but never even touched it. There he changed our checks and saved us paying about \$10.00 for excess baggage, helped us change our money and sent us on our way rejoicing. Surely the Lord has not forgotten His promise to be with us, and he will not forget it.

Miss Watts left me at Monteray at midnight, and Miss Galvan cannot come until Saturday.

City of Mexico, Nov. 13th:— I reached the city at 1 a. m., and found Miss Jones and her native helper at the depot to meet me. I am to stay with her until Tuesday and then go on to Pueblo.

The climate is delightful, not hot, nor cold.  
I wish you could have walked through the park  
with me this morning and seen the flowers;  
but the poverty of the people is terrible, it is  
indescribable and it grows worse as we go  
south.

I am taking them the gospel of Salvation full  
and free,  
I am giving, praying, working that Mexico  
for Christ may be.

## CHAPTER X.

THE LAST BRAVE ACT.

FROM HER OWN PEN.

Pueblo, Mexico, November 18th—:Miss Galvan and I started for Pueblo yesterday morning at seven o'clock, but had a lot of fun getting here. We bought our tickets in the morning, and Mr. Sloan, Miss Jones and a dozen others saw us safely on the train. Not a word was said about changing cars, and the conductor never said a word when he punched our tickets. They do not call out the stations on these Mexican roads, but we knew we would know Pueblo when we saw it, so asked no questions.

They have first, second and third class cars, (and everything else) and we took first class, but it was a miserable ride. Everybody smokes in Mexico and they smoke everywhere. By the time noon came we felt like smoked hams, and Miss Galvan was deathly sick. When it was time for us to be in Pueblo the conductor came around and I handed him the tickets. He shrugged his shoulders in true Mexican style and said, "Pueblo, why you

ought to have changed at Apezaco. Now you are down to Esperanza and can't get back to Pueblo until nearly six o'clock p. m." Wasn't that delightful news? The whole afternoon in that smoking car.

Mr. Green was to meet us, and, of course he wouldn't meet a train coming from the south. We knew only his P. O. Box number but had no idea of the street. The same conductor was going back to Apezaco, so he took us back and put us on the right train for Pueblo. Going up we began talking to an American coffee dealer who was going to Pueblo. He said if Mr. Green didn't meet us at the depot, we could take a carriage and he would help us find him. I didn't like to think of a stranger, but what could we do?

After driving all over the city we found the place after seven o'clock and had a hearty welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Green. I must tell you about our dinners. An old woman was on the train selling enchiladas and we decided to try them. They were tortillas rolled in red pepper, with cheese and onions inside. With this there was a piece of steak, some potatoes, onions, radishes, lettuce and goodness knows how many other things mixed up with grease and pepper. I was hungry enough to eat anything and down it went.

After we reached the city I got a smell of some red pepper cooking—and sick—I thought I never could stand it.

Mrs. Green had a beautiful supper, but I could not eat and went to bed with my head nearly bursting, and almost sick enough to die. This morning I felt better; but a smell of Chili came up from somewhere and again it nearly killed me for about five minutes. I soon got over it, however, and have felt splendid all day; No more chili for me hereafter.

I am sure I shall like it here very much. The climate is more than delightful. Take the most beautiful day you have in the year and you have an average of the weather here. We can see four snow capped volcanoes; Popocatepetl, Iztan, Orizalea. The name of the other I cannot remember. We had the most beautiful view of them coming yesterday. You cannot imagine how beautiful they are, rising way up from the plain, their great peaks covered with snow. The sun was shining on it so beautifully yesterday, and in this clear, rare atmosphere everything looks so beautiful. The white, fleey clouds would come between us and the mountains and it looked so strange. We seemed to be above the clouds most of the time. Last night we saw the sun set behind old Popocatepetl which was most magnificent of all. The sky was just like a sea of gold. Banks of red clouds were back of the great, white peak; a sight I can never forget.

November 26th:—This morning I was in the market getting our fish and vegetables for

the week. The market women are a sight. In fact it is all a sight and one that it would be impossible to describe. These women wear just a white chemise, sometimes embroidered with beads or in fancy colors, but without sleeves, and extending low in the neck. These with a short skirt comprise the market woman's outfit.

The babies are all there too, some of them entirely naked, tied to something so they cannot get away; but can creep around among the fruit or go to sleep on the hard boards just as they please.

We made three calls day before yesterday. Two of the houses were quite nice and clean, but the other was horrible. Ten people live in one, tiny, little room. Two of the women were making rebosses. They sit all day on the brick floor and work just as hard as they can for twelve cents.

O, how I long for the power of speech that I may tell those hungry, dying people of the love of Jesus.

December 15th:—I had a delightful time yesterday. Miss Galvan and two of our Sunday school scholars went with me eight miles out of the city to the pyramids of Clulula. We went early and took our lunch. It was a lovely ride of an hour on the street-car, and the day was just perfect.

There are three pyramids which were built by the Aztecs for worship. On the largest one they had a temple where they had human sacrifice ; which was torn down by the Spaniards and a Catholic cathedral built which still stands.

Rodelfo and Elvina are just as nice as they can be. You should hear them teach me Spanish. Rodelfo thinks it great fun. He little knows how much he teaches me. He is an earnest Christian and has a wonderful talent for oratory. We hope to have a minister some-day, if only some way can be provided to give him an education.



"OUR LADY OF GUADELUPE"  
OF MEXICO.

## THE VIRGIN OF GUADELUPE.

In my last letter I promised to tell you something about our trip to Guadelupe, that most sacred spot in Mexico. It is three miles from the City of Mexico, and cars run every half hour. We started early one beautiful morning and when I saw the

little mules with their heads down, hitched to the car, I thought it would be a tedious ride; but the driver cracked his whip, made a peculiar hissing sound, and such a surprise. Those little mules galloped away at a rate that would make some of our American horses stare in wonder. We think of everything as being slow, but surely the street car mules are not.

In a short time we were there, and after examining and buying some of the curious black pottery which is made only at Guadelupe,

we visited the "house of the Virgin Springs." The house is little more than a shed and we went inside and stood on the very rock which the Virgin's foot touched when she appeared to Juan Diego, Dec. 12th. 1532, and saw the spring which gushed forth at that touch.

It is really quite a wonderful boiling spring, and hundreds of people were there drinking and buying some to take home in their bottles. They think it has wonderful healing power for both soul and body.

Next we climbed the rough stone steps to the top of the hill and saw the rock from which the roses grew for Juan to take to the Bishop as a sign that he had seen the virgin and that she wanted a temple erected there in her honor. A pretty little temple has been built there and back of it is the cemetery where only the wealthy can be buried. Some of the tombs are magnificent little temples by themselves, with altars where the priests go in and say masses for the dead. Two of these were entirely of the most beautiful onyx; and the flowers were beyond all description. The word "perpetuated" on many of the tombs attracted my attention, but my friends said some of the tombs were taken only for a number of years, then the bodies were removed; but those marked "perpetuated" could never be touched.

Another place that interested me was the cave or grotto. There are four curious little

rooms in the rocks, the walls of which are covered with broken bits of glass and pottery in mosaics. From the door of the grotto we saw what appeared to be the most of a ship with the sails set. On inquiring what it was I had this story from an old man who keeps the grotto:—"Some Sailors who were once threatened with ship-wreck prayed to the virgin for preservation, and promised if they were saved to bring the mast of their ship and set it up as an evidence of her power and their gratitude. They were delivered, and this huge mass of stone is their memorial."

As we descended the hill on the other side some women were making sweet-corn cakes called gorditas. We stopped to try them and admire the scenery. We found the cakes really delicious. The view of the valley of Mexico; the city; all that is left of Lake Texcoco, and the valley beyond, ending in the snow capped summits of the volcanoes, is magnificent. At the foot of the hill is the village and the beautiful cathedral of Guadelupe. Few Mexican temples are pretty; but this one is, both inside and out. The floors are inlaid of different colored woods; the gorgeous decorations of the altar, displaying silk, gold, silver and onyx trimmings; frescoes on walls and dome; all combine to make a most beautiful interior. Above the altar with its railing of solid silver, is the identical blanket which Juan

wore on that memorial morning, and on which he found the image of the Virgin when he let it down to show the roses to the Bishop. It was in a glass case with a heavy gold frame, and it is this image that is worshipped by all Mexico.

Last December it was crowned queen of heaven, Mother of God and Patroness of Mexico with a crown that cost \$200,000, her everyday crown; the more expensive one being put away for great feast days, lest it should be stolen.

#### CHRISTMAS IN MEXICO.

They never have Christmas trees, give presents nor do any of the other things that are a part of Christmas to us. We are planning a very nice tree and Christmas entertainment in the mission, but small pox is raging terribly in the city now and I am afraid it will interfere with our plans.

Last week we visited one of our Sunday School girls. It was a wretched place; fourteen people live in one little room, with no furniture except a rough mat in one corner, on which a poor little baby was moaning, oh, so piteously. We were there half an hour and then asked if the baby was sick. She brought it to us saying it had the measles. It's face was covered with ugly blotches that I thought strange measles, but we told her as best we

could what to do and came away. On Sunday the mother sent word that she hoped we would excuse her little girls as two of the babies had small-pox and she had no time to wash Euri quita's dress. They think almost nothing of the disease here. Fever is dreaded more.

#### A VISIT TO THE CATHEDRAL AT PUEBLO.

The first thing that attracted our attention as we entered that magnificent structure, was busts of two men in purgatory. The flames are up to their necks, and the look of agony on their faces indescribable, while a tablet at the base begs the people to contribute toward their relief, as their friends have forgotten them.

All around the cathedral are shrines, each with its respective saint. The day we visited there the heavy gates of those shrines were all closed and locked, but each saint has its day for worship, then the gates are unlocked and the people go in to pray and make their offerings. In one was a most beautiful image of "our lady" magnificently dressed and crowned, while in front of her was a horrible little black image of Christ on the cross. In another was what they call here "the nigger Christ," a life-sized image on the cross, black as night. It is said to have miraculously appeared for the Indians to worship as they did not like the white Christs of the Spaniards.

Confession boxes were everywhere and above each one a pure white dove signifying the presence of the Holy Spirit. At two of these, beautiful young girls were kneeling, waiting for the priests to come. How I longed for the power of speech that I might tell them of the one "Mediator."

All the furnishings of the cathedral are magnificent. Beautiful onyx pillars, exquisitely carved angels, and fine paintings were in strange contrast with the ragged, wretched crowd of worshippers. In the dome above the altar is a painting of heaven. Mary, in the center, is being crowned queen, while all heaven is bowed in worship.

To me the most horrible of all was the image of the dead Christ. It was lying in a glass case near one of the doors, and represented Christ just as He was taken from the cross. It was a most revolting sight. The eyes were rolled as though in the agonies of the death struggle; the face and body were covered with blood; the arms were torn from their sockets; great gaping wounds from which the blood seemed to be flowing, were in the feet, hands and side, and nearly half of the flesh was discolored. It was all so perfectly natural that Miss Galvan, although a Mexican and accustomed to such sights all of her life, was sick with horror as we turned away.

A dead Christ: I have sometimes tried to think what it would mean if Christ had never risen ; and here I am beginning to realize it. God grant that He may soon rise in the hearts and lives of the Mexican people.

#### EXTRACTS FROM MISS HARDY'S LAST LETTER.

Pueblo, January 1st, 1897:—You asked me if our work was to turn Catholics to our faith. It is to turn them to the Lord Jesus Christ. Here we have pure Catholicism No, not that either, but we see Catholicism in its true light. The people worship images just as much as they did before the Spaniards came and compelled them to be called Catholics, only their old idols are given the names of Christ, Mary, the Saints, etc, and they worship those images with no thought of anything beyond.

All their churches are full of images and with the most of them there are tablets telling how they miraculously appeared and the wonderful miracles they have wrought. They know no Christ except the priests who claim to be Christs. They are of the vilest set of men; nearly all of them have large families and make no secret whatever of it, but it would be a great crime for them to marry. Catholicism in Mexico is beyond expression.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE SAD NEWS.

In Pueblo, Mexico, Miss Hardy had entered upon her labors with undaunted faith that seemed to lay hold of the very throne of God. It was the one earnest desire of her heart that she might lead Pueblo to the foot of the cross of Christ. Her work was simply begun as we look at it from the human standpoint; but in God's great plan her life was complete and her work finished. She took small-pox while calling upon her Sunday school scholars; and after a brief week of terrible suffering, was called home to appear with the glorious King of Kings. Her last days were touching and her death indeed sad as is seen by the following letters from her co-workers.

Pueblo, January 9th, 1897:—Human words and phrases are hard and cold at best and at such a time as this of little avail. We can only say “God comfort you.”

Clara passed to her rest this morning at half past seven. Last evening about seven she asked if she could live much longer. I told her I thought not. She said, “It is much better to go soon and be at rest. I loved these people

and wanted to work for them, but if God wills otherwise I am willing."

She suffered terribly and was very restless until a few hours before her death, when she lay back softly on the pillow and never struggled any more. Her breathing grew fainter and at exactly half past seven ceased. Her last words were, "Let us hurry and go." "Go where?" we asked, and she replied, "Home."

She was perfectly conscious until five o'clock this morning when she seemed to take no notice of anyone. She told us to bury her in her new brown dress and we did so. We laid her to rest in a simple but neat casket at four this afternoon, with a simple service at the grave conducted by Mr. Green. A few faithful members went with us regardless of danger; they loved her very much. To-morrow we have a memorial service at the church.

May God comfort you as only He can.

Yours prayerfully,  
SUSAN E. JONES.

#### FROM MEXICO.

My humble labors in this city have been inaugurated under very sad circumstances. Upon arriving Wednesday, the 6th of this month, I learned that Miss Clara B. Hardy, missionary in this field from the Woman's so-

ciety of the Baptist church of Chicago, U. S. A., had been very low since the 2d day of the month with black small-pox, the gravest form of this terrible disease as it is almost always fatal. Although she was well attended by two of the best physicians of this city and by the loving and faithful care of the Misses Esther Galvan and Susan Jones, the obstinate disease continued its course, taking the strength and life of the sick one until she died day before yesterday, the 9th of this month, at 7:30 A. M.

The burial took place at 4 o'clock of the same day, the body being carried to the Government cemetery, where before the interment we had a brief funeral service, with the brethren who assisted at the burial, led by the Rev. W. T. Green.

Yesterday at 10 o'clock, at the usual hour of public worship, we had a memorial service in honor of the one who has passed away. The Rev. W. T. Green, Mrs. Green, Miss Susan Jones and the writer spoke. We were all profoundly moved, from all eyes flowed tears.

In the evening at 7 o'clock the writer preached a funeral sermon to the congregation of this church. The death of Miss Hardy has been very much felt among all the members of the church and her friends; although she did not yet speak Spanish, she was so affable, so

loving, so ardent in the work of the Lord, that she captured the general sympathy and has left imperishable memories in this field of labor.

Miss Hardy was ready to appear before her Lord when she was called; her last moments were those of a true Christian. She was faithful unto death and now in the Celestial country she wears the crown of life. She died in the flower of life since she scarcely counted 26 years, and when there was the most precious hopes for the evangelical work in this field. But this is the will of the Lord and we should be resigned to His holy will. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.

Miss Galvan watched over her with the tenderness of a sister from the beginning of her sickness, although it was dangerous for her to remain at her side; and Miss Jones did the same, having come from Mexico for that purpose.

F. URIEGAS

Pueblo, January 11th, 1897.

#### SMALL-POX IN PUEBLO.

The subject that is occupying public attention during these days is the prevalence of small pox, that has become epidemic to a degree that has not been previously known in this city. The ordinary death rate in this city of about

100,000 people, is fifteen to seventeen per day, on an average, but on account of small-pox, that has been increasing here since early in November, the death rate is about thirty persons per day. During the eight days of this month, closing on Friday night, there had been 213 permits for burial issued from the office of Civil Registry in this city.

Among the deaths that have interested the English speaking people of this city most prominently was that of Miss Clara B. Hardy. She completed the two years course in the Woman's Baptist Training School of Chicago in July last, and was appointed by the same society as missionary to Pueblo, to labor in connection with Miss Esther Galvan, a Mexican young lady who had been trained in the same school, but who had already worked two years in the City of Mexico and one in Monterey. Miss Hardy was vaccinated just before leaving the United States, but the vaccination did not take effect. During the last days of the year she was exposed to the disease in some way, unknown to herself, and on Saturday night, January 2nd, was taken violently ill with symptoms of small-pox. For six days and seven nights she suffered terribly, but a little after seven o'clock on Saturday morning death came to her relief, and she passed away into that land where the "wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Miss Galvan,

her companion in toil, remained faithful with her, day and night, and in connection with the help of others did all that human beings could do to alleviate her sufferings and save her life. She also had the services of two distinguished physicians from this city who were faithfully with her until the last of her sickness.

Miss Susan Jones, another young lady, trained in the same school, and under appointment of the same society in the City of Mexico, came to Pueblo on Thursday evening and remained with Miss Hardy as a faithful nurse until death, and afterwards rendered valuable assistance in preparation for the last services of burial. We laid the body to rest in the Municipal cemetery on Saturday afternoon in connection with brief religious services, and on Sunday morning a more extensive memorial service was conducted in the chapel of the Baptist Mission in this city. Many persons present manifested that in the death of this young lady they had sustained a great loss, for notwithstanding her brief residence among us, many had learned to love her for her many excellent and attractive qualities.

There is in this case something pathetic to a degree that words cannot describe, but the impression made upon us is one that we can never forget. This beautiful young lady, far removed from her aged parents and all those whom she had previously loved, and from all

the scenes and associations that had in past years been dear to her, now sleeps in death, beneath the soil of a foreign land. With a heart full of love for the human race, and a desire to see the world become better, she came to Mexico, believing that she could do more here in promoting human happiness than in any other country. May we not admire her unselfish spirit, and strive to imitate her noble example, in doing that which we may be able for the benefit and blessing of others whose circumstances may be less favorable in life than are ours.

W. T. GREEN.

Pueblo, January 11th, 1897.

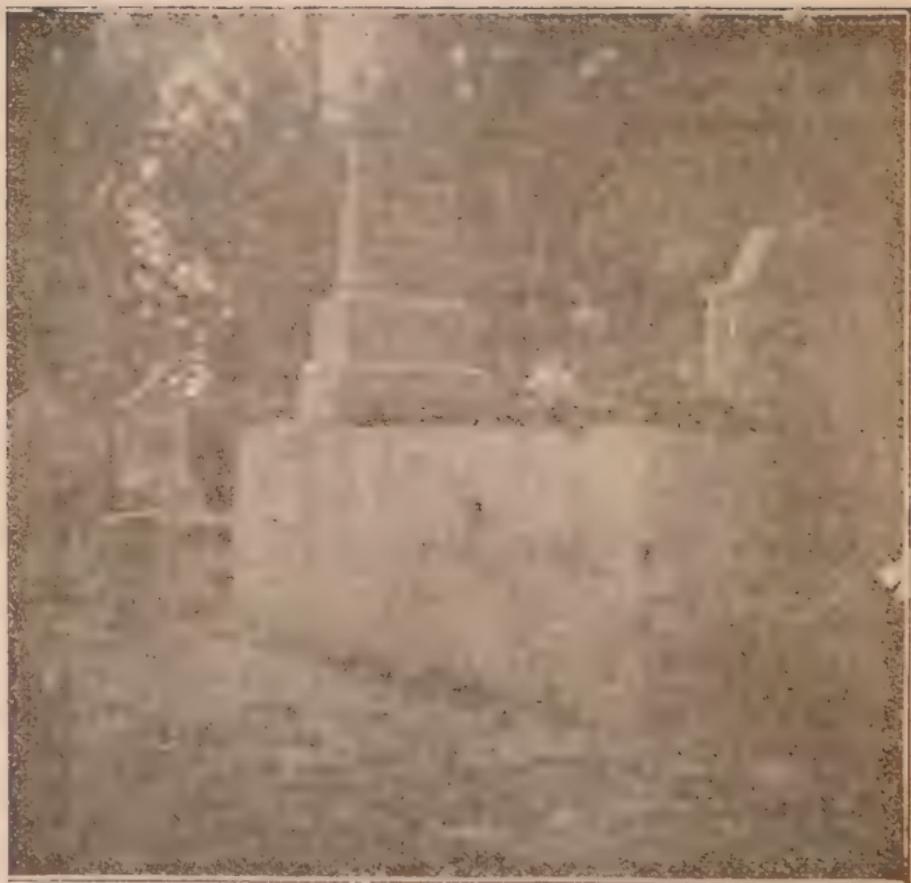
Chicago, January 15th.—Your lovely daughter has finished the work given her to do; it has been well done. Never a missionary in Mexico entered the field more joyfully nor gave better promise of success. The transfer—although it is to heaven—seems strange to us; oh, so strange! Yes; and from our human point of view so sad. God loved her and has opened for her the door to His own blessed home where she waits to welcome you.

With deep sympathy,

MARY G. BURDETTE,

Secretary of the Woman's Baptist Home  
Mission Society.





THE LONELY GRAVE OF CLARA B. HARDY, A MISSIONARY OF THE  
WOMAN'S BAPTIST HOME MISSION SOCIETY. DIED JANUARY  
9TH, 1897. HITHER SHE CAME "AT HIS BIDDING"  
AND WAS "FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

## THE GRAVE IN MEXICO.

There's a lonely grave, dear readers,  
In the land of Mexico,  
Where remains the form of Clara,  
Whom we loved and cherished so.

Little did we think that parting,  
Was to be the last one here,  
When we saw her smile so tender,  
Thro' a gentle falling tear.

It was just the common good-bye,  
We so many times had said;  
But 'twas good-bye once forever,  
As away she joyfully sped.

To obey her loving Saviour,  
And fulfill His last command,  
Took to Mexico the Gospel,  
Then to join the martyr's band.

Could the flames have been more cruel,  
Or the sword have caused more pain,  
Then the deadly flaming small-pox,  
As her life it broke in twain?

She has gone to be with Jesus,  
We are left to bear the cross,  
While to her the gain is heaven,  
Sadly we sustain the loss.

Chords of love have not been broken,  
For we feel their tender strain,  
As they draw our hearts toward heaven,  
Where we soon will meet again.

Chicago, January 17th:—Ever since the sad news came telling of the loved one's illness and death, my thoughts have been with her parents. She was my room-mate five months last year and during those months I learned to love her dearly. We had a lovely visit together the night before she went to Mexico, and I went to the train with her in the morning. My hand was the last she clasped; my lips the last she pressed. I can see her sweet face now, as she sat in the car looking at us out of the window. Tears came, but she smiled through the tears and her face was full of hope. She asked me to put up a lunch for her, saying, "I'll think of you when I eat it." Little did I think it was the last thing I could do for the friend I loved so dearly.

We all loved her and I cannot tell you how the hearts at "2411" ache. We cannot understand why God should call one home so early, who was so talented and consecrated to His service. But this we know, He doeth all things well.

Your sister in Christ,  
ALICE CARTER.

Pueblo, February 12th:—Since dear Miss Hardy died I have been sick. I went to Mexico City for three weeks and came back a week ago, but had to take other rooms, for the house we had lived in was so full of sad memories.

I was so impressed with her sickness that I can see her yet—and feel very lonely. She was sick only a week, but suffered so terribly that she prayed that she might be taken to her Father's bosom.

ESTHER GALVAN.

Syracuse, N. Y., January 19th:—I suppose you have heard the word that came yesterday respecting Clara's transalation from her field of labor in Mexico to the rest and joy of heaven. Sad as it seems to us, isn't it glorious for dear Clara. It is just as though a great loving, earthly king in looking through his vast fields saw one of his best, most intelligent and loving servants at work in a hard place, and said to that servant, "Come with me, I don't want you here but in my mansion, and near me where you can share my glory." Had it been an earthly king who so said to Clara would you not have been glad of such honor for your daughter? How much greater reason for gratitude and joy, now that the King of Kings and Lord of Lords has so honored your child. Her life work was not cut short in God's great plan; it was only hastened to completion. But, oh, what an influence that life has created and left in the world.

I wish you could have been at the prayer-meeting last evening and seen and heard her brethren in their affectionate testimony to the

influence of her consecrated life in the church and in their individual lives; you would have been cheered. Oh, how we loved her! None seemed to feel that her life was in the least a failure, but all seemed to covet her consecration, and to be drawn out in deep interest toward the field in which she began her work and from which she was called to heaven.

I suppose Pueblo, Mexico will be indelibly written upon the hearts of scores in the church, ultimately to be translated into missionary spirit and endeavor. You have reason to praise God for having given you such a rare treasure, and now for her glorification in heaven. I know the separation is painful. I extend you my own and the sympathy of the church, and may the Lord comfort your hearts.

Her Pastor,

R. E. BURTON.

## CHAPTER XII.

### FINAL TRIBUTES.

#### FROM THE WOMAN'S BAPTIST HOME MISSION SOCIETY.

From the time she entered the Training school, Miss Clara B. Hardy impressed us as one who had very intimate communication with Jesus Christ. She loved with deep devotion the Master to whom she had given her life. She was not impatient to enter upon her work in Mexico, because she realized that she needed every lesson and all the experience gained here, in order to do worthily the work to which she felt called.

In her house to house visitation she showed such a loving sympathetic spirit that she won friends in every home. Some were won for Christ and shine even now in the crown of her rejoicing.

She was very unselfish in her intercourse with her fellow students. All loved her and believed in her perfect sincerity. She was never gloomy or moody, but by her uniform cheerfulness she recommended the Gospel.

MRS. C. D. MORRIS.

MEMORIAL SERVICES CONDUCTED AT EAST RUSH  
M. E. CHURCH.

The death of Clara B. Hardy occasioned deep regret in the hearts of her friends, who had known her before her departure to her mission field. A memorial service was held at East Rush, Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, near her childhood home, on Sunday, February 7th, 1897.

The house where she had attended church services and Sunday school, was filled with relatives and friends of the place and surrounding country. The Scripture reading by Rev. J. C. Madden; prayer by Robert McLaren, M. E. pastor; testimony to her work and influence by Miss Effie Dunmore, an M. E. missionary, whose location in Mexico was near the field of Miss Hardy's labors; the sermon by W. C. Tilden; the singing; all were listened to with deep solemnity and interest.

The hymns sung were, "Lo, the Golden Fields are smiling," page 113, and "Valley of Rest," page 153, in "Finest of Wheat," No. 1, also "Sleep the Last Sleep," page 78, Excell's Anthems. Text of sermon, Mark 14:8, first clause, "She Hath Done What She Could."

The death of Clara B. Hardy is a just occasion of sadness from the earthly view. As a daughter and sister dear to the home circle and precious in the memories of the past home

life, for she was lovable and true. As a girl in school and in social life, loved and esteemed, her early death is a sad blow to all.

Her christian life was earnest and consecrated. To honor the Master and lead others to him was the desire of her heart.

Her advanced school life and work in connection with the Training school for missionary service bore full witness, and the eagerness with which she accepted an appointment as missionary to Mexico, to her a call from God, was full proof of her readiness to be in the active work of the Lord's vineyard.

The few months allowed her on the field were filled with earnest efforts to acquire the language and learn the life of the people and at the same time to lead souls to Christ for salvation. She did not live in vain, nor shall we say her life was a failure. The testimony of those associated with her is such as to lead to a full conclusion that her work was not in vain, but fruit shall be gathered as a reward of her work and consecration. We may feel that our blessed Lord approved, as in the text, "She hath done what she could." She loved her home and home friends, and had desires as others of her age and times, and a surrender of all these for a far away life among a strange and bigoted people that she might tell the story of Jesus' love and power to save was the precious ointment she would bring to the Mas-

ter she loved and adored. Humility and trust were in the offering, and blessed be her rest!

Our text suggests thoughts worthy of our consideration.

First—The penitence and trust in the act. The woman's felt need brought her to the feet of the Lord, notwithstanding the many hindrances to her coming. Her womanly reserve would have naturally restrained her from any such act, the house of the self-righteous and haughty Pharisee; the surrounding company, servants and guests; the thoughts of scorn and condemnation; the wonderful teacher—but her troubled soul was seeking comfort, and looked beyond all obstacles. Then her trust in the compassion of the great Teacher enabled her to come confidently and pour upon His feet the costly ointment as her offering.

Second—The fitness in person and time. It was the Lord. Nothing was too good to make manifest her love and devotion.

The costly ointment and sweet perfume could show the spirit now controlling her heart, and it was the best she had. So now no self denial; no consecrated devotion is too great when given to Jesus, and His work. It may be the giving up of home and the loved society of friends, like the gifts of our departed sister, and yet how small the gifts are compared with what Jesus has done for us—He gave Himself. Then was the time, Jesus was near;

in the city ; in the Pharisee's house she could reach Him; it was her time. How many fail to do for Jesus by not using the time given! The opportunity passes.

The time—Jesus' work was soon to close, his death and burial were near. She could now anoint Him as for and before His burial; she did, and the Lord approved, although men looked askance, and condemned.

How many of earth keep their box of ointment sealed until after the burial, when it cannot avail! Much better to speak the word of commendation, of loving approval when it can cheer the heart and strengthen the life than to sing hymns of praise and raise costly monuments to the dead.

“She hath done what she could.”

Let the life of the departed join the word of the Master to encourage each of us to do, remembering the word, “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me.” Amen.

#### MY ACQUAINTANCE WITH MISS CLARA HARDY.

My acquaintance with Miss Clara Hardy began the Spring before she went to her work in Mexico. I first met her at a morning service in the Rush Baptist Church of which I was pastor at that time. It being a very busy day for me I did not have time to think of the gentle faced,

sweet voiced woman I had met for the first time that morning. But there were other opportunities; I saw the love and respect shown by all those who knew her. I soon found its source. Her's was a face once seen, was not easily expunged from the memory. Added to this was a winning way that won all with whom she came in contact. In August of the same year she visited us at our home and I had a better opportunity to observe her. You could not talk with her long without noticing her loyalty to her Lord and Saviour. Every thing must take second place to Him. The work to which she believed the Lord had called her seemed to occupy all her thoughts and consumed her zeal. In her eyes it seemed a slight thing in comparison with what her Saviour had done for her, that she should leave home and friends to carry His light and love to the poor and downtrodden of Mexico. Second in devotion to her Saviour was her loyalty to the church of her choice. She was ever ready to defend its doctrines and usages.

Her faith was unquestioning. There seemed to be no doubt in her mind but that the Lord had a work for her in Mexico. Though it seems strange to us looking back from the end to the beginning that a life so young and full of promises should be taken away almost before that work had its beginning. But the Lord moves in mysterious ways "His wonders to

perform." The life was cut off in its bud. Our Great Commander has used it and will continue to use it to encourage his workers to constancy and perfect trust. And its example to those for whom it was given may induce them to make her Saviour their Saviour. She has gone to her mansion on high, but the influence of her life remains, and we can almost hear it whisper in the language of the poet:

Be tranquil, O my soul,  
Be quiet every fear!  
Thy Father hath control,  
And he is ever near.  
Ne'er of thy lot complain,  
Whatever may befall;  
Sickness, or care, or pain,  
'Tis well-appointed all.

J. C. MADDEN,  
Roxbury, N. Y.

## IN MEMORIAM.

### MEMORIAL SERVICES CONDUCTED AT DELAWARE STREET BAPTIST CHURCH OF SYRA- CUSE, N. Y.

An impressive memorial service was held in the Delaware St. Baptist church of Syracuse, N. Y., Sunday morning, January 24th, 1897, for "Our Beloved Clara B. Hardy," missionary to Pueblo, Mexico, who was called to her heavenly rest, January 9th, 1897.

At the following session of the Bible school, Supt. J. A. Mackay appointed the pastor, Mrs. F. B. Gray and Mrs. F. R. Harris to prepare a brief memorial of our young missionary martyr, to be read at the next session, and to be placed on the records of the "Bible School."

Clara B. Hardy was born in Orwell, Bradford County, Pennsylvania, March 13th, 1871. She attended the common schools until she was fourteen, at which time she entered the Grammar school at Binghamton, N. Y., where she passed preliminary regents. From here she continued in Montrose High school, graduating in 1893, after which she devoted some time to teaching in Franklyn Township, Pennsylvania.

In her school relations she met and became engaged to an associate teacher. She was converted in November, 1891, and became a member of the East Rush, M. E. church. Early in the autumn of 1893 she came to Syracuse, intending after a short time to return to her home for the consummation of her marriage engagement.

By her visit to this city she was at once brought into contact with the Delaware street Baptist church. Her previous convictions respecting the doctrine and requirements of baptism led her at once to seek an interview with the pastor to whom she said, "I am a Baptist and if the church thinks I am a proper subject for baptism, I would like now to be baptized." Correspondence was then had with the East Rush pastor, who at once, not only forwarded her certificate of membership, but in strong terms bore testimony to the beauty and strength of her promising Christian character and life. The statement of her experience made a profound impression upon all who heard it. When first converted she felt strongly prompted to devote her life to missionary work. These early impressions, however, gradually disappeared as she pursued her school duties.

She was baptized October 15th, 1893, and continued in fellowship with the church until her translation. By one of the beautiful and

heaven directed concurrences she attended a meeting of the Y. P. S. C. E. in the earlier part of the evening upon which she was baptized. Her early impressions respecting missionary work returned with sudden and almost commanding authority. Three hours later she went down into the typical grave of her Lord, then there, really, rather than symbolically she appeared to die to self and to be raised up into a new Christ life; from that moment with all her present and prospective possibilities she was given to Christ and for Christ and for missionary work.

Later she went to her home to make her first great sacrifice for Christ. Her betrothed heard with surprise and deep sorrow of her changed purposes and plans—the matrimonial alliance was broken. What this meant for Clara, only those who knew her loving, trusting, confident heart can judge. The ardency of her love for him was exceeded only by her heroic and self sacrificing devotion to her Lord.

Confronted by almost innumerable hindrances, and except an audacious faith, almost insurmountable obstacles have entered her preparatory at the Chicago Training school.

In obedience to her Lord, in the autumn of 1894 she went from us leaving for all who knew her the private example and public testimony of a complete life; soul and body surrendered

to Christ and devoted to His service. The testimony given her pastor by her teacher and associate in the Training school, as well as appearing in her private correspondence may be briefly summarized. In class-room, homes of poverty and sin and in the sabbath school room she was constantly and unconsciously demonstrating the strength of her intellect, the depth of her piety, the completeness and beauty of her consecration and the power of her spirit-filled soul. Many of her letters written to her friends in Syracuse during this time are worthy a place in the most cherished and sacred of our missionary literature. Graduating in the spring of 1896, she came back to us fully settled in her convictions that her Master would have her go to that country "bound by Rome"—Mexico. From the moment "His Will" was known all the love and desire and hope of her soul were turned toward the designated field. As it was not thought best by the missionary board for her to go to Mexico in the spring, she was sent to Philadelphia and vicinity for the purpose of attending and addressing associational meetings in the interest of missions.

On her way to and from Philadelphia she stopped at her dear "church home" in Syracuse, where by public address and private talk she turned many loving hearts and earnest prayers toward her future field. November 6,

1896, from a church of loving friends she left us for Pueblo and for Heaven. She reached Pueblo, November 17. About December 23, while visiting the sick she called at a home in which some children were sick with small-pox. She was stricken on January 2, 1897, and January 9, resignedly, joyfully, triumphantly, she went to be with Him whose she was and whom she served. Your committee does not know how to pay a higher tribute to the memory of our beloved sister Clara than by this simple, unadorned review of her brief and beautiful life. We are glad we knew her so long and so well, we are glad she was one of our Sunday school scholars and teachers. It is a peculiar pleasure to remember that we assisted her by somewhat generous gifts. We did love her; we do cherish her memory. But most of all let us pray that the spirit of this first christian martyr of our young church may be extended, enlarged and intensified, and that our dear Clara B. Hardy's Pueblo, Mexico, may receive from us, and by her death, more than her bravest faith had dared to hope for it by her continued life. May our final and full tribute to her memory, be the translation, and transfiguration of all our love and sorrow into missionary zeal and endeavor.

REV. R. E. BURTON,  
MRS. F. B. GRAY,  
MRS. F. R. HARRIS.

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AUTHOR

Gardner, G. N.

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Life of Clara B. Hardy

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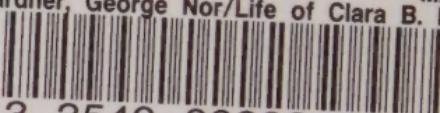
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